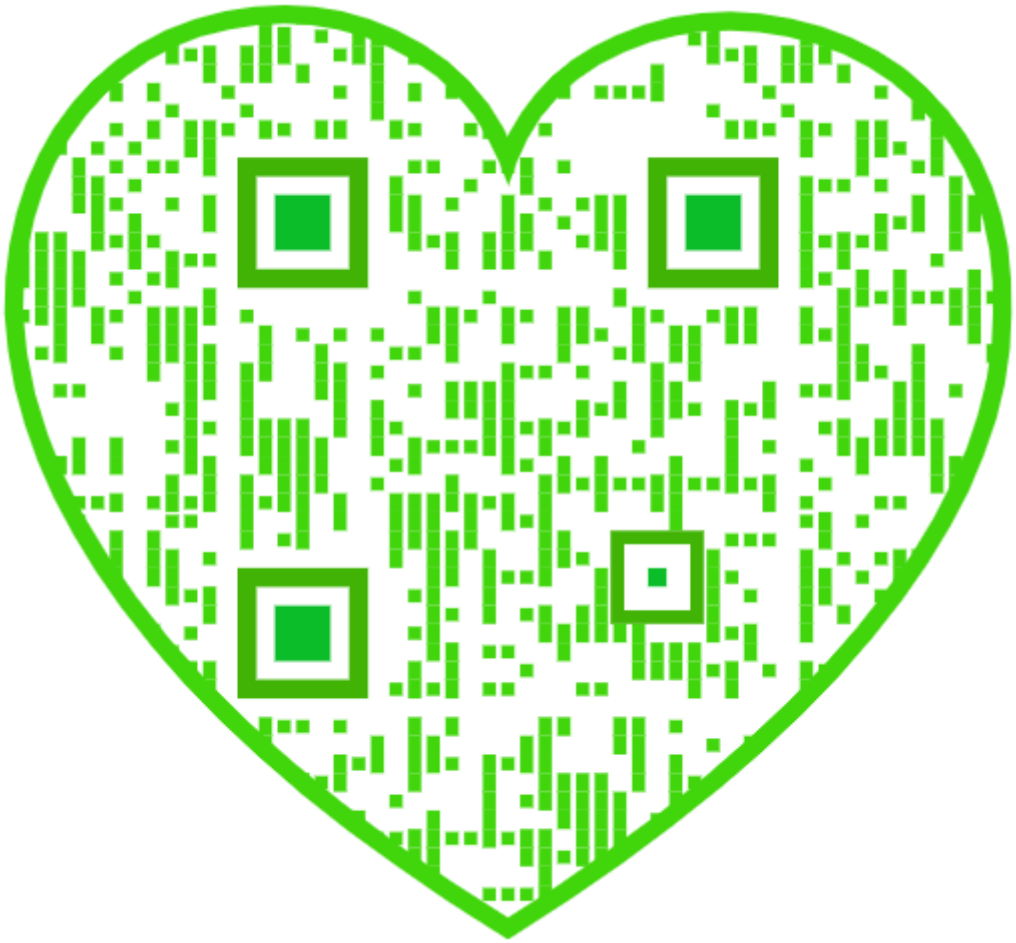

A

BICYCLE TOUR

IN

ENGLAND AND WALES.

MADE IN 1879, BY THE PRESIDENT, ALFRED D. CHANDLER, AND CAPTAIN, JOHN C. SHARP, JR., OF THE SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB, OF BOSTON, MASS.

WITH

AN APPENDIX

GIVING INFORMATION ON THE USE OF THE BICYCLE, BOTH IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES.

Also Four Maps and Seventeen Illustrations.

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1881.

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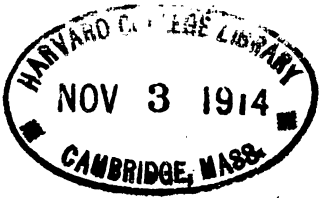

Prof. C. C. Pierce

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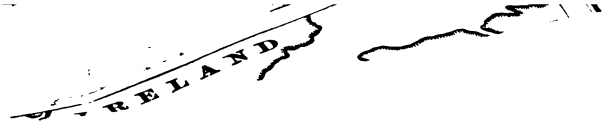
2 Sept 1 1 160 30

THIS account of a bicycle tour in England was written only after repeated requests, and first appeared in four numbers of the "Bicycling World," published in Boston, January 14 and 21, and February 4 and 18, 1881. In 1879 the author went to continental Europe on business, and was accompanied by a friend as far as London. Having completed the business, there happened to be a month before the steamer sailed on which the home-passage had been secured. Availing himself of this, the author returned to London, and, with his friend, made the tour described.

An Appendix has been added giving information on bicycle touring in continental Europe, together with facts, but little known in America, on the extraordinary bicycle feats performed abroad and the remarkable progress and popularity of the machine, with an article especially devoted to the use of the bicycle as an invaluable hygienic agent.

BOSTON, May 23, 1881.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ENGLAND
AND WALES
Route of Tour
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
NORTH
ST. GEORGE'S C
Penzance
Lands End

IRISH SEA
BRISTOL CHANNEL
ENGLISH
Liverpool
Manchester
Chester
Shrewsbury
Gloucester
Bristol
Bath
Exeter
Plymouth
Mt. Snowdon
Land's End

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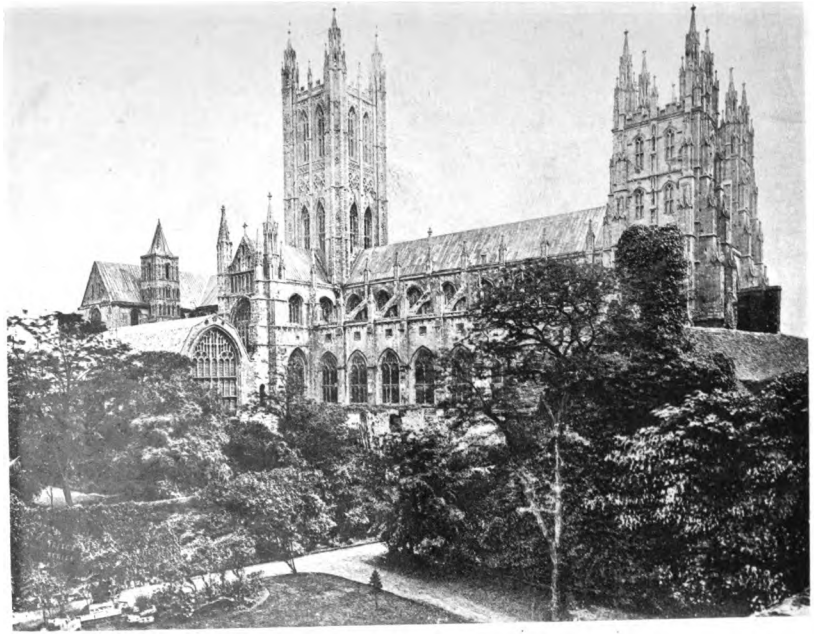
A BICYCLE TOUR IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

I.

In a month we were to return to America. My affairs on the Continent had been arranged, and I had just reached our rooms on Duke Street, St. James, London. My companion had in my absence been coaching with Keen, and had covered the track at Lillie Bridge in unusual time. We were both in the mood for it (though I was hardly in form), and we concluded to pass the month before our departure in a bicycle tour through England: not a tour cut out with mathematical precision, arranging the precise hour of arrival and departure at

points on a settled route; but a rambling, free, independent run wherever fancy directed, keeping in view, however, such counties as were supposed to offer the best roads, with the finest rural and urban, as well as inland and sea-shore, attractions. If it rained too hard and long, or the wind was too strong, or if we were pressed for time, we were to ride in the cars or on coaches, using our bicycles whenever we pleased; in fact, we went for enjoyment, — quite ready, however, to rough it if occasion required; and the drenchings we had, the rough roads we passed over, and the sun-burned, hardy look we bore at the end, showed that we took to our sport in earnest.

As we had neither machines nor a correct knowledge of the country, we examined the stock of bicycles at every good depot in London, and bought several of the excellent bicycle maps sold by Thomas



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, KENT.

"The earliest monument of the English union of Church and State."

(PAGE 17.)

Letts, 72 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. These maps are reduced from the Ordnance Survey, and are on a scale of four miles to an inch; they are safe guides; by them we never lost our way, and could depend almost entirely upon their aid for the selection of our route from day to day. They fold up in cloth covers of a convenient size for pocket use. They cover all England and Wales, the entire country being divided into sixteen sections, the section or two needed for immediate use being taken. For machines we were at a loss, though in London; large as the stock on hand was at various places, yet we could not anywhere hire just what we wanted. At last J. selected a "Club," at Peake's, No. 14 Princes Street, Leicester Square, and from the same establishment I took a "Royal," — a machine just then coming into notice, and so named because specially produced to fill an order for the Prince of

Wales's son. The charge for these machines was about two pounds each for one month, in advance; this was more than usual, but as the use of the new machine I engaged would make it second-hand, a little more was asked. J. obtained a small satchel to hang over his shoulder by a strap; I used a *multum in parvo* bag fastened to the rear of the saddle.

We concluded to make a run through the South of England for the first ten days, returning to our rooms in London for a change of clothing, for letters, etc., and then to try Central England and North Wales, returning to headquarters by rail once a week, till our final return with the machines before sailing. As we were never more than a few hours by rail from London, even when as far north as Yorkshire, this plan was easily carried out. Our dress was such as we use here in America, with stockings, underclothing, night-shirt, hand-

kerchiefs, and sundry other articles, in our travelling-bags. The map sections we used, including Southern and Central England and North Wales, were numbers 5, 8, 9, 11, 13, and 14, or as they are sometimes labelled, letters C, E, F, I, L, and M.

On Tuesday, the 19th of August, 1879, we left Charing Cross by rail for Stroud, near Rochester, in Kent. This was to get well away from London for the start; though the run from London to Rochester, and beyond to Margate at the eastern extremity of Kent, is often made on bicycles in a day. As a rule we found the railway officials very obliging about our bicycles; the machines were either put into one of those very narrow luggage compartments, where two bicycles just fit in side by side, or they were placed with ordinary luggage, but always carefully handled. All over England a charge for the carriage of bicycles is made by the railroads, varying

with the distance. The rates were then: under 12 miles, 1*s.*; under 25 miles, 1*s.* 6*d.*; under 50 miles, 2*s.*; under 75 miles, 3*s.*; under 100, 4*s.*; and 1*s.* for every additional 50 miles,—*provided* a passenger accompanies the bicycle, otherwise double these rates are charged. Here is a copy of a receipt not collected, given by the London and North Western Railway. The receipt, like a check in this country, is usually taken up when you claim the machine.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

(314) *EXCESS LUGGAGE.*

No. 10069 *Sept.* 15, 1879.

CHESTER to BIRMINGHAM.

Name ..... *Passenger.*

Total weight..... lbs.

.....Pass^rs. allowed.....2 *Bicycles.*

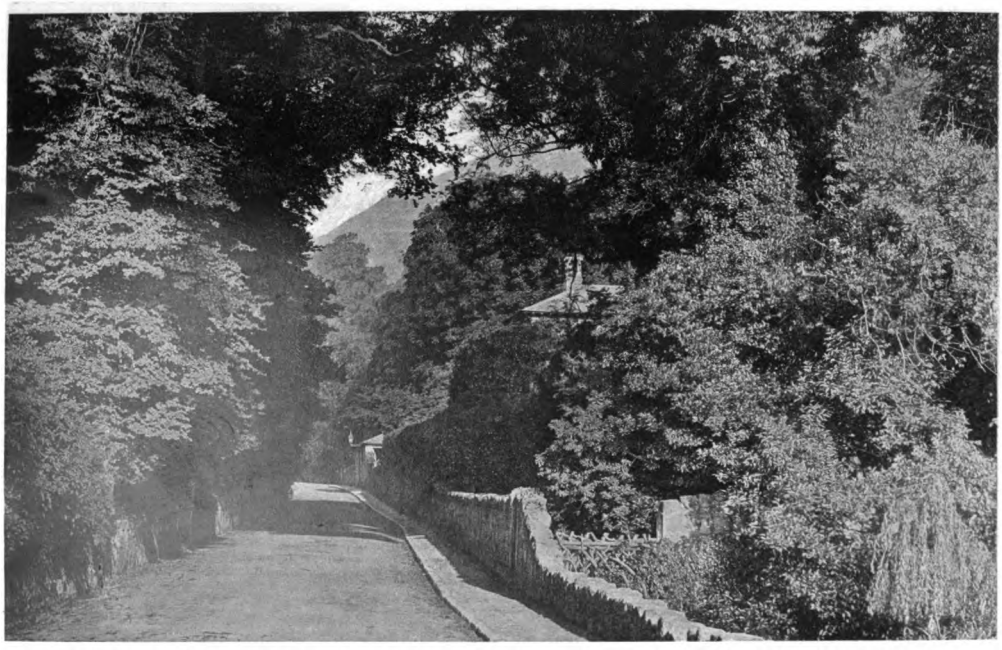
Weight charged..... lbs. at £0 6*s.*

..... *Clerk.*

Mounting at the Stroud station, we rode across the Medway River bridge to Rochester, and then turned south for Maidstone. This is near the heart of Kent, famous for its hops, and during the season of 1879 — which was very wet — one of the most successful counties in all England for crops. Just out of Rochester is a hill which we had to walk up, and from which we had a view of Chatham, one of England's great naval stations. From the hill-top it was fair riding all the way to Maidstone. When about five miles out we began a long descent to the valley of the river Medway, having a fine view over the fields to Aylesford and the river. We dismounted, when part way down, to walk a few steps to "Kit's Cotty House," a singular Druidical ruin of huge stones, standing close by in a quite unaccountable way. J. commenced his sketches here, and before our trip was over he had two books full of ruins, land-

scapes, castles, and the like. Such an accomplishment is a great source of pleasure, and on a trip of this kind one has constant opportunities to exercise and enjoy it.

We rode under the arch of the Queen's Head Hotel, in Maidstone, at about noon, and stopped there to dine in the coffee-room. This was the beginning of our experience with English hotels and inns, on this tour. How familiar we became with them, and how much we enjoyed all that they offer for enjoyment! While discussing the merits of a sweet omelette, the rain began to fall, and without much delay we started for Charing by the way of Harrietsham and Lenham. On that day we had "to catch it" on all sides. I found that the cranks of my machine were so much shorter than those I was accustomed to, that it was quite hard to get along, particularly as I was not in training. But I persevered, and ever since my English tour



ROAD SCENE, BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

(PAGE 36.)

have used shorter cranks, and can now ride almost any hill about Boston with as much ease as formerly with long cranks. Short cranks appeared to be the rule in England, unless over very rough or very hilly roads.

J. now had a mishap within a hundred feet of the inn. The rain made the road-bed very slippery. The soil of the roads throughout a large part of England is oölite, or limestone, and, when wet, is treacherous. I well-nigh lost my balance before discovering what a surface we were riding over, and called to J. to take care; but it was too late, and down he came, bending his bicycle crank out of shape. In less than half an hour a blacksmith hard by had the crank in order. The charge was but a shilling, and I was surprised at his skill as a workman. My turn for a tumble on slippery roads came later on in Derbyshire. On we then went with

great care, growing bolder as we became wetter. It poured so hard that at last we took shelter under some oak-trees. Two Englishmen in waterproofs drove by in a dog-cart, and smiled at us compassionately. We rallied each other at the series of incidents that in the last hour seemed to dispel the poetry of bicycling in England. However, we soon mounted and pressed on, stopping again at a little wayside inn, till the rain fell less, when we rode through to Charing, arriving at the Swan at half past six, after a ride of twenty-one miles from Rochester; the first part pleasant and interesting, the last part hard and nasty.

I cannot forget the courtesy and kindness shown us at the Swan, kept, as we had been told, by "a good family from London." Our wet clothes and shoes were nicely dried, our machines cleaned, and every comfort thoughtfully provided. It was as if we were at home, and this is *the*

charm of a good English inn. Before leaving London I had made out a list of inns and commercial houses along our route, taken from various guide and bicycle books; but we had often to depend rather on information obtained from persons met as we entered a town or city. We were rarely misled, — our greatest mistake being at Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire; but that was soon corrected.

The next morning we left Charing, in a light rain, for famous old Canterbury. After climbing the hill near the inn, the route was undulating on to the valley of the river Stour, down which we rode, soon reaching Canterbury, where we stopped at the Falstaff, though we afterwards found the Rose was better. Of course the cathedral was the great attraction at Canterbury, and we devoted all our spare time to it. About four o'clock in the afternoon, as the weather improved, we rode on towards the

northeast, over a good road, and in two hours arrived at the White Hart, in Margate, after a day's run of thirty miles, including several hours' stay at Canterbury to examine the cathedral. That part of Kent called the Isle of Thanet suggested our western prairies in miniature. Margate was full of people, it being midsummer, and the town thronged with visitors, though of a different class from those met at Hastings or Brighton. Here I first used the public baths so common in England; and, though we passed through many an English watering-place, I always found it more agreeable to bathe in the excellent salt-water bath-houses, or natatoria, than in the sea itself. From the White Hart Hotel we looked over the little harbor which forms the foreground of Turner's painting of Margate.

The next morning was fair, and we were off at nine o'clock for the run to Dover, across the Isle of Thanet, leaving Rams-

gate on the left, by the shore of Pegwell Bay, and so on through Sandwich and by Deal. We developed enormous appetites, and I recall the immense relief we had on coming up to the little Swing-Gate Inn, three miles or more out from Dover, where we ordered bread, cheese, and beer, about all the inn afforded, and which was served to us on a little balcony over the inn door, where we enjoyed the view over the fields, and were entertained by the arrival of a coach-load of passengers, many of whom got off to drink; and afterwards by the appearance of a young lady driving with a gentleman in a phaeton, and who appeared to be persons of superior station, the gentleman calling from the vehicle for brandy and water, with the request to "let me see the brandy before you put the water in." The whole was but another illustration of the constant proofs we saw of England's "national vice."

From Swing-Gate Inn to Dover was the most extraordinary bit of road we had met with. The mud, a whitish compound of limestone and water, was so deep that we were forced to dismount and walk on a ridge by the fence at one side for a long way; it was with difficulty that vehicles were dragged through. For such neglect of a road a New England town might be indicted; but before our tour was over we found that English roads are by no means as fine as popularly supposed. Not only in Kent, but in Oxfordshire, Yorkshire, and elsewhere, we passed over miles of execrable roads, on which, if we kept in the saddle, we suffered from side-ache and could ride only by great exertion and skill, and where, indeed, we often had to dismount and walk. Yet it is true that for touring on bicycles England offers facilities such as can by no means be obtained generally in New England; and for many a score of miles have

CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Supposed to have been founded before the Roman invasion The prison of Charles I. in 1647–8.

(PAGE 37.)

we ridden over superb English roads, passing mile-stone after mile-stone quickly and easily.

The descent into Dover by the castle is dangerous; it is not safe to ride down; many even get out of their carriages and walk. Before descending we stopped of course at Dover Castle, and then, after bathing at the natatorium in the town below, and watching a tremendous thunder-storm, which flooded the streets, we passed the night at the Lord Warden Hotel by the pier.

From Dover to Folkstone is all up-hill, excepting the last mile, which is so dangerously precipitous that the Dover Bicycle Club have a painted notice, or "Danger Board," placed conspicuously at the top, worded as follows:—

"CAUTION TO BICYCLISTS.

"It is dangerous to ride down this hill.

"DOVER BICYCLE CLUB.

"May, 1878. W. FLETCHER, *Captain*."

It seems that this idea of putting up danger boards originated with Captain Jawlette, of the Dover Bicycle Club, and has since been carried out generally in England.

I asked the proprietor of a little bar at the hill-top what the favorite drink of the bicycle riders was, and he answered, "Soda and milk"; adding, that sometimes thirty or forty riders passed there in a day, most of them moving toward Dover to take advantage of the four-mile coast and of the prevailing southwest wind. We found that this southwest wind was a power; it seemed to be the prevailing wind all over England at that season, so much so that on completing our tour of the Isle of Wight we no longer struggled against it, but stood away for the north, and ran all the way up into Yorkshire with the wind on our backs for about three hundred miles. In arranging an English tour it is perhaps well to

regard this wind, and try to move generally from south to north or from west to east, rather than the other way. It is said that when young Appleyard made his wonderful ride from Bath to London (100 miles in 7 hours, 18 minutes, and 55 seconds), he had this wind blowing almost a gale behind him. As for the soda and milk, I found that it had staying qualities, without the heaviness of bitter beer or ale. Soda is sold everywhere in England in small bottles; and I well remember how satisfactory was the mixture of this that a young gentleman from Dorsetshire prepared, as we were about to part after a swift fourteen-mile run side by side out of Chichester.

After leaving Folkstone, the next place of special interest was Hastings, in Sussex, where I saw the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh for a few moments. They were travelling in a special train, which stopped at the station. Their car was arranged in

part like an American drawing-room car. The Duke appeared at an open window, returned the recognition of those observing, and conversed with some one awaiting him. The ladies of the party remained seated in full view through the large windows. A few quiet directions, a careful examination of the wheels, and the train moved away as quietly as it had approached. Even those who examined the grease-boxes were dressed in neat uniforms; and the locomotive, with its immense driving-wheels, the cars, — indeed, the entire train with its occupants, — made an interesting study of English railroad travelling at its best. A few days later, at the Isle of Wight, the Queen crossed in the royal yacht to Gosport, and took a special train through to Balmoral, or rather Ballater, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, a ride of about six hundred miles. The expense to royalty for special railroad service seems great; for

I have read that the cost to the Queen is £8,000, or about $40,000 a year.

After Hastings was Brighton, the famous watering-place, where we stopped at the Old Ship Hotel, facing the sea; but it rained so violently that we soon longed to be off. We went about enough to get a distinct idea of Brighton externally, but we were growing to like the country more than the town. I enjoyed the swimming-bath there, and had the novelty of floating about while I tried to interpret the Greek and Latin inscriptions which encircled the interior. At noon we rode on through the rain to New Shoreham, stopping there to lunch. In the coffee-room of the inn were several scrap-books filled with entertaining novelties. From there our ride to Arundel was through mud and water with flooded roads; but the beauty of Arundel checked us. Our dinner at the Norfolk Hotel was relished, and we stopped there for the night. While

at dinner, there was a noisy demonstration without, and we were told that a travelling circus was announcing its exhibition for that evening, so to the circus we went; but I hope the Duke of Norfolk will provide a better place for such exhibitions in his neighborhood hereafter. There was a motley throng in attendance, with a few reserved seats where some persons of quality sat with us, watching the performance with but little emotion. The ground in the ring was soon a mass of sticky mud, the tent being pitched in a field soaked with the recent rains. The poor performers were unable to get about with ease, save where carpets were spread. The principal features of the circus were advertised as American. We came away before the crowd left, and had to stumble across the soggy field and grope in the dark to the highway leading to the town.

The old and new castle of the Duke of

Norfolk are close to the hotel, and there can here be seen one of the most splendid baronial mansions in England; the castle dating back nearly two hundred years before the Norman conquest, and enjoying the peculiar privilege of conferring the dignity of earl on its possessor, without any patent or creation from the crown, — a privilege not enjoyed, it seems, by any other place in the kingdom.

On Sunday, the 24th of August, at ten in the morning, we left picturesque Arundel. It was a fine day; the road was very good. We were to run to Portsmouth, stopping some time at ancient Chichester, and were congratulating ourselves on the fair weather and an easy, peaceful run after the storms of the past; but when just south of Slindon Park, five miles out, J.'s machine snapped in two where the backbone joins the head, and became useless. Our bicycle map showed that the nearest railway station

was Barnham Junction, two miles south. In a few moments I had ridden there and returned with word that a Sunday train went up to London that afternoon; and London was only about fifty miles away. We at once arranged that J. should go up to London, replace his broken machine, and meet me at Portsmouth the next day. This he did, getting another bicycle at Peake's and joining me at the George in Portsmouth, where I had telegraphed to him my arrival the day before. I mention this especially to show how such an accident can be managed in England, where, from almost any county, either London or Coventry (the headquarters for bicycles) may be reached in a few hours or less, and a return made as quickly.

It was unnecessary for me to go to London too, so I rode on to Chichester, where I was surprised at the beautiful octagonal cross, fifty feet high, at the junction of four

STONEHENGE, DRUIDICAL RUINS, HAMPSHIRE.

(PAGE 42.)

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, HAMPSHIRE.

Begun in 1220. Spire finished a century later.

(PAGE 41.)

roads, one of the finest structures of the kind in Great Britain.

My dinner that day was a solitary affair without J. I had sole possession of the coffee-room, and was at liberty to appropriate the entire copy of the "Times," instead of a fractional part, as the custom is. My reading had but commenced, when a slight though muscular young gentleman entered the room in bicycle dress, and ordered his dinner. In a few moments we became acquainted. It seemed that he was returning after a week's holiday on his bicycle through the South of England. He had ridden about forty miles that morning, and had about sixty more to do that afternoon and evening before reaching his home. This would be about one hundred miles for the day's run, of which he made light. He expected to reach home quite late, his route being to Southampton, thence across the New For-

est (using a lantern), and so to Wimborne-Minster in Dorset. I asked him whether he had any scruples about riding on Sunday. He said he had not; that riding on Sunday in England was customary, and that his father was a clergyman who had accomplished his sixty miles a day on a tricycle. Later on in our trip, when at Warwick, we met a clergyman and his son who were "doing" England on tricycles at the rate of forty miles and more a day, his son being only about fourteen years of age. I rode with them part way to Kenilworth Castle, and observed the respect with which they were treated on the road, every one recognizing the clergyman by his cloth. They were sun-burned and well; and by using tricycles carried with them plenty of clothes, umbrellas, and articles a bicycle rider dispenses with.

My route from Chichester to Portsmouth was that of my new acquaintance

as far as Cosham in Hampshire; so we rolled along together over a very fine road, conversing as we went. It was a delightful ride; my companion was very pleasant. After passing Havant, he pointed out the batteries at the north side of the road, which, though five miles or more from the sea, were, as I understood, heavy enough to throw shot over Portsmouth into Spithead beyond. At Cosham I turned to run into Portsmouth, four miles to the south, while my companion kept on to the west, and I hope reached his long journey's end in safety that night.

Our time for the entire trip was limited to one month. This was not enough. We were often obliged to hurry on, when a longer stay would have been as instructive as pleasant. One can spend a month in almost any of England's forty counties with profit and pleasure, and to allow but a month for all is insufficient. But we

travelled as far as we could in the time, on bicycles, on foot, on coaches, and in the cars, and the aggregate of our English and Welsh travel was about seventeen hundred miles, the route for only a portion of which is shown on the map accompanying this account; several long rides in the cars, our ride on the coach to Windsor Castle, and other trips, being omitted as not strictly pertaining to this bicycle tour.

II.

I AM no longer one of those who suppose that on a bicycle tour the uppermost thought must be to accomplish the greatest possible distance each day, that the average may run up into the fifties or eighties, and the total be large. This delusion seizes upon almost every rider of spirit at first; but it will be found that more comfort, enjoyment, and knowledge are had if distance is made a secondary consideration, unless one cares only to fly through a country without time for observation or reflection, in which case he will be apt to have but a very stupid passage.

Portsmouth is a point of departure for the Isle of Wight. But there is so much of interest to be seen in and around Portsmouth itself, especially of a naval and mili-

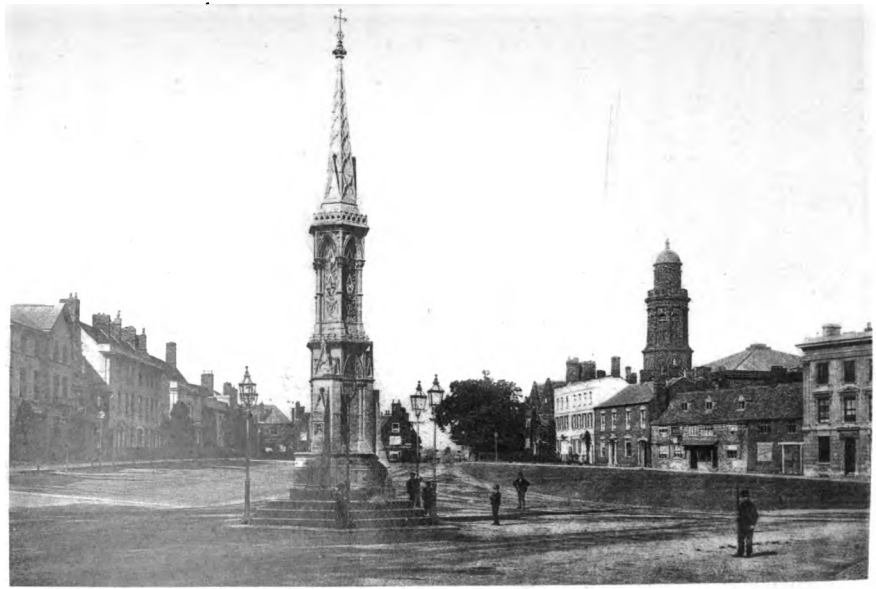
tary kind, that one can afford a day or two less for the Isle of Wight to study the sterner subjects war and self-defence have developed in this, the chief naval arsenal and the most perfect fortress in Great Britain.

The weather holding fair, and J. not having come down from London, I engaged a sailor to row me out to H. M. S. "Victory," one hundred and five years old (on which Nelson fell in action seventy-five years ago), and to other objects of interest in the harbor. It was at the time when England was touched by the murder of young Louis Napoleon. The huge steam transport for troops, which brought back Captain Cary from the Cape, had just arrived in Portsmouth. Cary's part in the affair with the Zulus and the death of young Louis were the common talk. Of all the remarks I heard on this, that of the bluff old sailor impressed me the

most, when, regretting the death of Louis, he said: "But better that one mother's son should die than a thousand." For had the French Prince Imperial lived, the sailor feared that he would have caused another of the sickening wars which Europe periodically endures. I could not but contrast the aversion this old British tar had for war, with the zeal shown by the young Prussian soldiers I had, a fortnight before, seen eagerly crowding up with their sweethearts to the great battle paintings in the National Gallery in Berlin.

In the "Bicycling World" of November 12, 1880, is an interesting account of a trip to the Isle of Wight by "London W." His party landed at Cowes, and made a thirty-five mile run by Newport, Carisbrooke Castle, Blackgang, Ventnor, Shanklin, and Ryde. Our trip was quite different, for we left our bicycles at Portsmouth, crossed to Ryde by steamer, and

took seats on top of the four-in-hand there for Sandown, the coach stopping a quarter of an hour or more on the way to let passengers walk about at points of interest. At Sandown we left the coach and went on foot along the cliffs by Sandown Bay to Shanklin, where we lunched in a cosey little coffee-room, and then walked down into Shanklin Chine, across the fields, and so on by the rugged path of the Under-cliff into Bonchurch and Ventnor, where we climbed a hill several hundred feet high, just by the station, and enjoyed the rare scene around and below. The weather was exceptionally fine. The route we took was impassable for bicycles, and one has hardly seen the Isle of Wight unless he has taken this walk. I regret that we could not have seen more of the Under-cliff toward the west, but we found it prudent to go from Ventnor by rail to Newport, where we passed the night at the Bugle, first



BANBURY CROSS, OXFORDSHIRE.

(PAGES 55, 56.)

walking out a mile to Carisbrooke Castle, where J. was busily engaged till dark in sketching, while I climbed in great delight all over the old walls; indeed, soon after breakfast the next morning we went again to the castle, after which we saw what is left of the fine Roman villa near by, with its tessellated floors, which is older than Carisbrooke, and in its way, perhaps, a subject for as much reflection.

Those parts of the Isle of Wight which form its distinctive features are to be explored on foot. Some portions of the interior, to be sure, afford fair riding on a bicycle; but it is the south and southeast shores that give the isle its character, and to enjoy these in freedom one should be on foot.

Returning to Portsmouth, we spent another night at the George, a heavy rainstorm having set in. If any suppose that life at English hotels, or even inns, is uni-

formly satisfactory, they mistake. As with English roads, so with the public-houses: now they are excellent, now the very reverse. We frequently found that the "best" hotels, commercial houses, and inns were deficient; and many that travellers seldom hear of were at times superior. In Portsmouth, for instance, a town with more than one hundred thousand people, the "best" hotel was said to be the George. Now at the George we had rooms which were fair, but the service in the coffee-room was slow to an exasperating degree. I at first thought that the waiter — there was but one for the entire room — deemed bicycle riders unworthy the usual attention, and for the experiment I doubled the customary fees; but, finding that useless, then took the fellow to task, when in a most respectful and apologetic way he explained that the duties of the coffee-room were quite beyond the power of a single waiter, and that diffi-

culties in the kitchen made it impossible for him to serve us more promptly.

In the evening there occurred what is common in Portsmouth, a hubbub of fifes and drums, with soldiers thronging the main street, some with a single sweetheart, many with two such hanging on their arms. I went to the front door to look on, and an English traveller in middle life stood watching with me. Suddenly he broke into a tirade upon English hotels, declaiming against the service at the George and elsewhere. He said the English people did not know what a good hotel was; that he had enjoyed what he considered the luxury of hotel life in Saratoga and other American cities, and he gave vent to a good English growl on what is the fact, that in many matters England is very far behind the times. I was at first surprised, then revealed my nationality, and sympathized with him.

And so it was: we were often much annoyed at our inability to have a meal at the desired time, even when ordered long in advance; and I have more than once arisen very early to repeat an order given the night before for breakfast, to make sure of having it on time, and even then been disappointed, not by a few moments only, but by half an hour and more. When one wishes to take a particular train this is vexatious. On the other hand, promptness, attention, and comfort were the marked characteristics of many of the public-houses we stopped at in England.

Leaving the south coast, we now commenced our run to the north, through the very heart of the country; we scarce ever knew where we were to pass the night, or what was in store for us the next day; it was a succession of entertaining novelties through some of the finest parts of the kingdom. The first of England's great

cathedrals on our route was at Canterbury; the second was at Salisbury, where we arrived at about one o'clock in the afternoon, lunching at the Red Lion. All our spare time at Salisbury was devoted to its unique cathedral, which is Early English of the purest type. The spire is the highest in the land, being four hundred feet, or nearly twice the height of Bunker Hill monument. Charles Sumner, who saw more of England and English society than any of his countrymen, wrote in 1838: "My happiest moments in this island have been when I saw Salisbury and Durham cathedrals. Much happiness have I enjoyed in the various distinguished and interesting society in which I have been permitted to mingle; but greater than all this was that which I felt when I first gazed upon the glorious buildings I have mentioned. . . . It was with a thrill of pleasure that I looked from the spire of Salisbury," etc.

Here J. added to his increasing stock of photographs; indeed, from time to time, we had either to send or take up to our rooms in London the accumulations of successive purchases in the way of photographs, guide-books, and the like, and sometimes our travelling bags and pockets were stuffed to their utmost capacity.

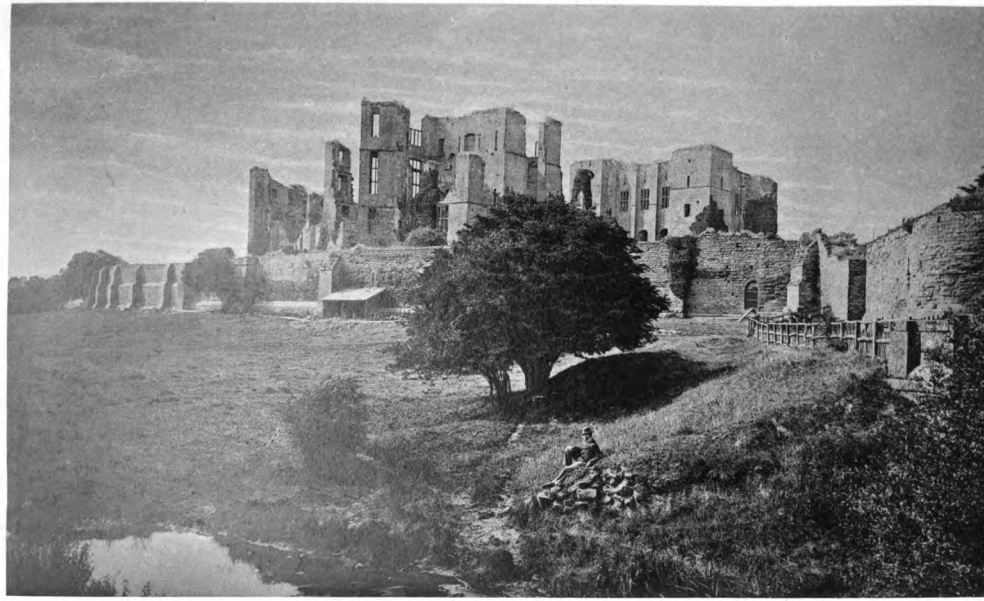
From Salisbury we ran that afternoon out to Amesbury, and then two miles west, passing Vespasian's Camp, to Stonehenge, "with its mysterious monuments, Druidical or whatever they may be." There is something incongruous in riding up to those rude and ancient stone ruins on a modern bicycle. We heard the plausible explanations given by the old man in attendance, paid for them as usual (for at such places, who in England opens his mouth or moves a step for you without expecting his tip?), and then, with a last look at the cathedral spire eight miles south, we hurried back to

Amesbury, and turned north for the watershed of the Thames. Our run was up the pretty valley of the Avon. There are at least three rivers called Avon in England: this one flowed into the English Channel; we came to a second farther north at Stratford. The ride that afternoon was very pleasant. We noticed how soon some English roads are dry after a hard rain. On we went, with charming glimpses of the little river and the villages dotting its course, till at nightfall we came suddenly into Pewsey, and sprang off at the Phœnix for rest.

If the Swan at Charing had its special merits, the Phœnix at Pewsey had greater. Here was a good lady with her daughters, who speedily arranged everything for our comfort, and neither J. nor I can soon forget that hot omelette with which we finally satisfied our appetites. As for my chamber, it was complete, and seemed to me the

finest of the kind I had occupied in England; the china especially attracting my attention. In the morning we were kindly pressed to stay, and, but for lack of time, might have spent a charming day in and around that little Wiltshire town. But we had a long tour before us, and off we flew to the east, by a circuitous route, riding right through a flock of sheep on the way, and coming out on the Great Bath Road at a point near Froxfield, just above Hungerford.

This Bath road is the famous racing road for bicycles, the run from Bath to London being a hundred miles (107¼ to Hyde Park Corner); and the great one-hundred-mile straightaway races have been over this route, the fastest time for the entire distance being Mr. Appleyard's, June 10, 1878, in 7 hours, 18 minutes, and 55 seconds, or nearly 14 miles an hour for the entire time, including stops. Three months



KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE.

Dating from early in the 12th century. Queen Elizabeth's celebrated visit was in July, 1575. Dismantled by Cromwell and his soldiers about 1655.

(PAGES 60, 61.)

later, September 12, 1878, Mr. W. S. Britten rode from London to Bath and back over this road, doing 220 miles in 23 hours 54 minutes.

From Hungerford we rolled along to Newbury, in Berkshire, where we lunched at the Chequers. I replenished my oil-can at a druggist's here; the charge was a penny, but the man scowled so as I held up the little tin, that I asked what was the matter, when he answered that he was constantly called on to fill bicycle oil-cans, and he never could tell when they were full. From Newbury to Reading is seventeen miles, and we bowled along the fine road, covering the distance in an hour and twenty minutes, — J. arriving in advance, for he could easily outride me. It was a fine run; heavy rain-clouds chased us nearly all the way, but we outstripped them. Men, women, and children were seen hard at work gathering in the crops. The season

of 1879 was a very severe one for farmers. We flew through Theale at a racing speed; and, altogether, our run of forty-two miles from Pewsey was very enjoyable. The day, however, was by no means spent: we stopped an hour or more in Reading; I plunged into the Thames at the bathing-house there, but got out at once, for the water was too chilly for me, though it was August. The constant rains and cold weather kept the temperature of fresh-water streams very low that summer. While crossing the track at the station there was a shout of warning, and we were told to "look sharp," for the Irish mail was coming; just then we heard a whistle, and a moment later the Irish mail-train tore through the Reading station and rushed on to London at a tremendous speed, the engineer crouching on his cabless engine.

One feature of the day's ride showed how sensibly drivers of horses accept the

innovation of bicycles in England. A short distance out from Newbury a vehicle was seen rapidly approaching us, and as we drew near, the driver raised his whip. A glance showed a young horse in the shafts; he very naturally shied as we passed, when down came the whip on the horse, and the driver remarked that he would "break him in to bicycles." So on the day before, while riding out to Stonehenge, we met a lady driving in a phaeton, who, upon seeing us, got out to hold her horse. We immediately dismounted at a safe distance, and on coming nearer, the lady deemed it necessary to excuse herself for driving such a horse, rather than accept any apology from us.

It was during our run through either Wiltshire or Berkshire that we noticed public water troughs and drinking cups, with notices warning the public not to injure them, under heavy penalties! This

warning, it seems, was necessary to prevent the powerful liquor-sellers from destroying whatever might interfere with their interests; so deep a root has the use and abuse of liquor taken in England. Farther north, in Derbyshire, we again saw a few such wayside water supplies for drinking, but no warning was attached. In London such fountains and troughs are now very common, their introduction being such a novelty, that I have read the precise number of human beings and animals that quench their thirst at these places; the count being kept and published to prove to the British public, as I suppose, the utility of such benefactions.

We had now been out eleven days, and found it necessary to go to London for letters, money, maps, and other things, intending to return to Reading the next day and resume our trip. We had already seen the most interesting portion of the country be-

tween Reading and London, on a four-in-hand. So, leaving my bicycle in charge of a porter at the Reading station, we telegraphed to our landlady in Duke Street, and went by the next train to London, forty miles distant, J. taking his bicycle with him to be exchanged for a more serviceable one. We arrived in time for dinner.

If one does not care to ride his bicycle through the streets of London, it can easily be carried in a hansom by standing it between the dasher and your seat; it just fits in. The driver does not object; it does not interfere with him, for he is overhead. Bicycles are often carried on the tops of cabs.

The first portion of our intended tour was now over. We had traversed the counties of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire, and explored the more interesting parts of the Isle of Wight. Our route had been to many of the best known

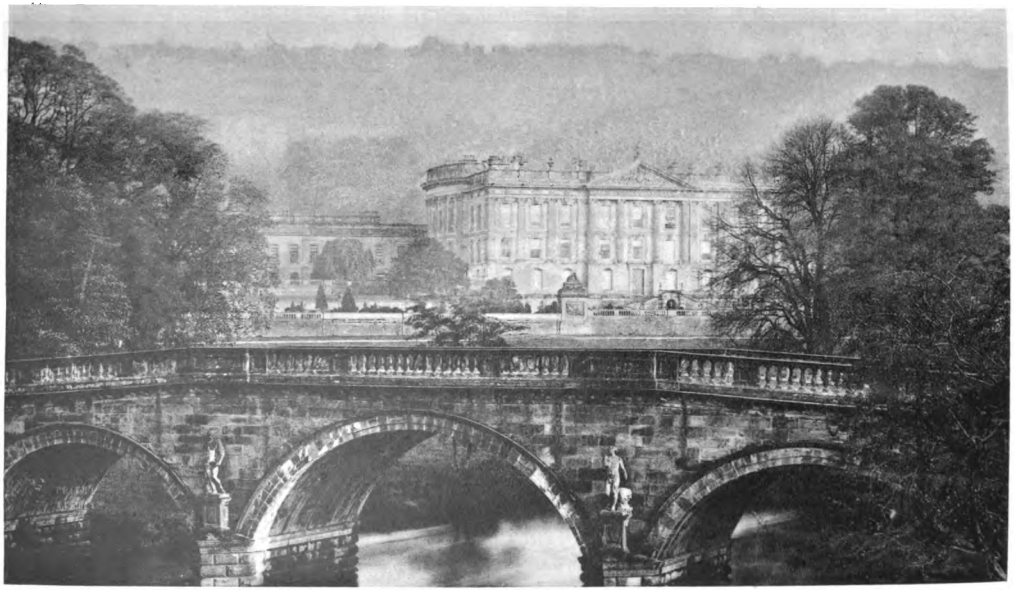
watering-places, in full view of miles of England's southern coast; was over hills and plains and valleys in the interior; had revealed to us a varied succession of country and city life, of hotels and of inns, both good and indifferent; had enabled us to examine two of England's greatest cathedrals, Canterbury and Salisbury, at least three castles, Dover, Arundel, and Carisbrooke, a Roman villa, and the most celebrated Druidical ruins in the kingdom.

But what, to me at least, proved of more significance, was the health and superior physical strength acquired. A stay of forty-eight hours longer in America would probably have found me down with a fever. After the voyage, and after my return to London from the Continent, whither I had been on business, I was far from strong; but the effect of this tour in the open air, accompanied by rational exercise, was to bring health and strength, with a disposi-

tion to renew the trip through very different but equally interesting counties in the centre and north of England. For this our preparations were quickly made, and an account of our further experience will be found in the next two chapters.

III.

It will be remembered that at the end of the first part of our tour we were in London again, preparing to start off afresh. We arrived there on Friday evening, August 29, and on Saturday afternoon following returned to Reading by rail, starting at once on our bicycles up the valley of the world-renowned Thames, then swollen by the heavy rains. Though ascending the valley, the grade was easy; still we rode along at our leisure, for the river views were too attractive to be passed with a mere glance. We dismounted occasionally, and in one place sauntered along the bank by a little inn, appreciating the full extent to which the people utilize the river, where boats of all kinds are kept in great numbers. Our ride was only fourteen miles



CHATSWORTH, DERBYSHIRE.

Seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Present mansion commenced in 1688 by the first Duke of Devonshire: completed in 1840 by the seventh.

(PAGES 73-76.)

before nightfall, but the weather was fine, and the short run slowly made to enjoy the rural views. At tea-time we came to ancient Wallingford, in Berkshire, and stopped for the night at the Lamb.

The next day was clear and cool, and before night we had met with a varied and instructive experience. After breakfast, riding on, we crossed the Thames at Shillingford bridge, entering Oxfordshire, when a fine run through Dorchester and Nuneham Courtney brought us to classical Oxford. In "Paterson's Roads" (which reached at least eighteen editions as far back as 1829, and which is still of value to the English tourist) I find at the conclusion of the account of Oxford this sentence: "Volumes written on this head would be unequal to do justice to the subject, and, in a few words, the powers of the pen are as inadequate to describe, as the creations of the pencil incompetent to de-

lineate the resplendent beauties of the city of Oxford."

We stopped at the famous old Mitre Tavern, took lunch, and at once went on a tour of the city with a guide, who expressed his pride in the number of distinguished persons he had conducted through Oxford. I pass over details. We of course saw all that was open to us, including the several colleges, the gardens and grounds, the river, and the boat-houses. We hope, however, to visit Oxford again, and to study the city more thoroughly.

Our route that afternoon was over the highway to Woodstock, where we turned to the left to see Blenheim Park, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Marlborough, with its princely mansion, the gift of the nation to the Duke. Unfortunately the palace was not open to visitors on that day, and we lost the chance of seeing one of the most valuable collections of pictures

in England. There were some fine specimens of the little Blenheim spaniel playing at the palace gate.

On approaching Woodstock we found the road very rough and fatiguing. I called for an explanation from some of the inhabitants, and asked why they allowed the road to remain in such a state. They admitted the bad condition of the roads in all directions from Woodstock, affirming that it was due to some difficulty in the local governing boards, and regretted our annoyance. The rough riding continued as we kept on through Oxfordshire, a county where I think we had harder work than in any other in England. We were on the highway to Banbury; and this I am sure of, — that in the summer of 1879 it was a very rough road to Banbury Cross. What with Oxford and Blenheim Park, and the bad road that day, we did not reach Banbury till after dark, and then stopped at the Red Lion.

In the morning we selected photographs, including some of the Banbury Cross, — not the ancient one of nursery rhyme, which is destroyed, but the new one recently erected, and which, though fine, is small, and not to be compared, it seemed to me, with the grand old cross at Chichester, in Sussex.

When about a mile out of the town, we overtook a pack of foxhounds driven along the highway by the first and second whips, both mounted. The hounds obeyed the whips admirably, promptly moving from side to side of the road as directed. This was the second pack met, the first being in the South of England. The returns for 1877 showed in the United Kingdom about three hundred and forty packs of staghounds, foxhounds, harriers, and beagles, having not far short of ten thousand couples. The expense of the hunting establishments is enormous, the stable being

a far more onerous burden than that of a fashionable pack. The "Pall Mall Gazette" of November 3, 1877, estimated the annual amount spent by the masters of hounds out of their own pockets, or out of the fund subscribed in the district for hunting establishments, including stables and kennels, at £547,000, or over $2,500,000 a year. To this is to be added the money spent by the people who hunt, from the owners of well-appointed studs to the modest proprietor of a steed called upon to do its three days' work in a fortnight.

The pack we overtook was at once ordered on to one side by the whips to let us pass, but I rode slowly behind a little while to watch the movements and discipline of the hounds. In this connection, it may be observed that I cannot recall an instance, throughout our tour, where a dog of any kind gave us annoyance. Contrast this with bicycle-riding in Massachusetts, where

it is an art to know how to manage the various breeds, from a snapping mongrel to the more dangerous Newfoundland.

We now pressed on to enter Warwickshire, one of England's most charming counties; first riding along the ridge of Edge Hill, where Charles I. engaged in battle with the Earl of Essex in 1642, and where five thousand men are said to have been found dead on the field of battle. The descent down the hill on to the plain near Kineton was so steep that we had to dismount and hold our machines back with no small effort. It was one of the steepest hills on the highway that we met in England. Rapidly riding across Warwickshire, by the way of Kineton and Charlcote, we entered Stratford-upon-Avon about noon, and stopped at the Shakespeare Inn, which had by its door, on a well-painted sign, "Headquarters of the Bicycle Touring Club."

For a hundred and fifty miles or more I had ridden my machine without having it washed, and, as a consequence, it was in a shocking state, though in good running order. This had happened because, during the first week or more of our tour, when we scrupulously attended to the cleaning of the machines at an expense of a shilling a day for each, it either rained regularly the next morning, or the roads were so muddy that after a few minutes' use the machines were as dirty as before. At last I concluded that mine should not be cleaned at all, whereupon fine weather set in, which, to our delight, continued all the way to Stratford; but as I rode over the bridge into that Shakespearian town, a little urchin actually cried out, "Just look at that bicycle; it is dirty *beyond description!*" That child's remark had its effect; and in spite of J.'s laughing protest, before another hour had passed, my machine was

washed by the hostler at the inn, who called out as we entered the stable yard, "This way with yer 'oss, sir; 'ere's a box stall for yer 'oss, sir."

It is said that more Americans make the pilgrimage to Stratford than any other people, and that they show more interest in the town and its associations. However this may be, we experienced the usual emotions and made the usual tour of the place, which, as a town, was by far the neatest and cleanest I had yet observed. We saw two other towns in England, and but two, noticeable for their neatness, — Leamington, also in Warwickshire, and Doncaster in Yorkshire.

From Stratford to Coventry, by Warwick and Kenilworth Castle, has been said to be the finest walk in England. We passed over the greater part of the way more than once. Leamington, England's fashionable Spa, is only two miles from

PEACOCK INN, DERBYSHIRE.
(PAGE 83.)

WARWICK CASTLE, WARWICK.
(PAGE 61.)

Warwick. Thus, within a line of twenty miles up and down the valley of the Avon, are to be found what no traveller in England should neglect, — all the Shakespearian associations of Stratford, the extremely interesting studies of old Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, the comforts and repose of modern Leamington, and the churches as well as the important manufacturing interests of Coventry.

At Warwick we stopped at the Warwick Arms, and in the morning rode over to Kenilworth Castle, after which we made the short but pleasant run to Coventry, passing on the way great numbers of men and boys walking and riding to the Warwick races. We stopped at the Castle, in Coventry, which is conveniently near the noble churches and other buildings of interest. My attention was called to the public library, but I was surprised to find, in this city of forty thousand inhabitants,

a library inferior to some in New England towns of half or even a fourth that number of people. It brought to mind the speech of young Lord Hamilton on education, which we heard in the Commons in July, and which helped to impress the English people with the deficiencies and needs of popular education.

Now we were in the very home of bicycles. They were constantly seen in the streets, the bells attached giving notice of their approach. We used Challis Brothers' white-metal stop bell, a small, neat affair, obtained in London, which was fastened to the handle bar, the tongue or ball inside being provided with a cord and rubber spring, by which it could be pulled into quietude and kept so, or by a mere touch of the finger be forced again into the sphere to sound its melodious notes. Such a bell was necessary, for in some towns in England the local councils make the

use of bells compulsory; and not knowing how many such towns there were, we always let our bells ring while in town or city limits, and stopped them when in the country. In this way we never had any trouble.

The bicycle manufacturers in Coventry were very obliging, and showed us through their works with pleasure. I mention particularly, Bayliss, Thomas, & Co., Hillman & Herbert, Singer & Co., and the Coventry Machinist Company. To Americans, who do not know what an industry bicycle making now is, the extent of these manufactories is a revelation.

Tricycles, now called for more and more, —the Queen has ordered one,—were then attracting no little attention; and we were shown, by each of two rival manufacturers, the tricycles they were privately making to be run in the fifty-mile road race out of London, and which I believe was won by

Mr. Derkinderin,—a well-known rider, then with Hillman & Herbert. It was difficult to select from among these manufacturers; they were all worthy of patronage and had high reputations. I can myself vouch for the machines of at least three of them. Finally, J. concluded to order two fifty-six-inch "Club" machines, for home use, of the Coventry Machinist Company. For these he gave minute directions, which were carried out while we continued our tour; and on our way home from London to Liverpool, some time later, we stopped at Coventry, took a run out toward Kenilworth and back on the new machines, and then had them boxed for the voyage. The machines were the finest I have ever seen. Riding bicycles abroad does not make them free of duty at home; for the practice in United States custom-houses has of late been changed in this regard, and duties must be paid on bicycles whether

they have been used or not. So when Mr. James Gordon Bennett brought home some vehicles used abroad by him, and which he supposed were thus free from duty, it seems that he was obliged to pay, because the old rule to the contrary had been abolished.

It was on one of our subsequent visits to Coventry that we sat down to a "commercial dinner" at the Castle. This, as explained by our host, was simply a dinner of commercial gentlemen, at about one o'clock, and of daily occurrence in England. There were, I believe, eight at the table where we were invited to sit. The dinner was substantial, though plain, — of fish, a roast, one or two vegetables, and a pudding or tart. The simplicity of the ordinary English fare is noticeable. There was, perhaps, a little insincerity on both sides when, after some experience in various counties of England, we would ask:

"What can you give us for dinner?" and would be answered: "What would you like to have?" It was either beef or mutton, or mutton or beef, almost from one end of England to the other. Eggs, to be sure, were sometimes to be had, and occasionally fish, but the great variety to which Americans are accustomed is not ordinarily met with in England. I noticed this peculiarity in the bread: that in the southern half of the country the loaves were always circular, with a small twist or top-knot on the upper side; while in the northern half they were baked in the circular or rectangular form, without the upper story.

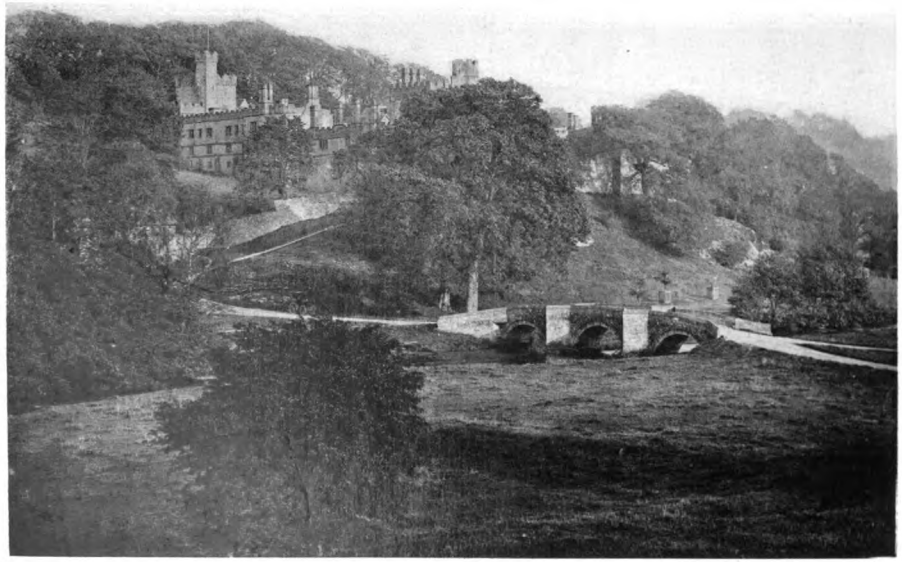
About noon of September 3, a fine, clear day, we rode out of Coventry, over the great highway, toward Birmingham, and when eight miles off, turned sharp to the north at the Stone Bridge, riding away toward Coleshill and Tamworth, stopping a few moments at the former for a glass

of beer and a biscuit, and at the latter about two hours at the Castle Hotel, for a substantial dinner, when J. opened a bottle of champagne in honor of his brother's birthday. Our ride to Tamworth was at a very rapid rate, over a good road; and the run from there was through a level country to Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire, where we arrived at six o'clock, and stopped at the Queen's.

The entrance to the stable yards of public-houses in England is often under an archway, over and on both sides of which the hotel is sometimes built. We rode under the archway at the Queen's, as we supposed, and put our machines in charge of the hostler; but we were given such questionable apartments, and had such an unsatisfactory supper, that I was a little mortified, and strolled out to see where we were, when, to my amusement, I found we had entered the Saracen's Head instead of

the Queen's, — the two being side by side, and the mistake easily made in the arch. In a few moments we were comfortably established at the Queen's, whose landlord took us that evening to some amateur theatricals in a public hall, which were quite a novelty.

Mention of the "Saracen's Head" reminds me of the many odd names given to English inns. Much curious information is to be had in the large city and county directories found throughout England, and I usually examined the directory of each county we entered, for a better knowledge of the various sections. As to the names of inns, I had the curiosity to look through a long list of them in the Yorkshire directory, and jotted down, as illustrations of English fancy in naming public-houses, the following: Cat i' th' Window (Halifax, Yorkshire); Flitch of Bacon; Jug; Hen and Chickens; Hole in the Wall; Hop



HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

Most ancient part built about 1350; most modern part built about 1580.

(PAGES 83, 84.)

Pole; Labour in Vain; Malt Shovel; Old Dusty Miller; One Tun; Ring o' Bells; Shoulder of Mutton (common); Three Horseshoes. If there is anything in a name, which of these inns is the most suggestive of a good dinner, a carousal, or a sound night's rest?

Before leaving Burton, we of course visited the breweries where the renowned "India Pale" or "Bitter Beer" is manufactured, and which, it seems, owes its favor at home to an accident. It was first made about the year 1823 for the East, and for several years India was its only market. But a vessel carrying a number of hogsheads of India Pale was lost in the Channel; its cargo was sold; and in this way bitter beer first became known as a beverage in England, and so rapid was its popularity that since 1828 the pale-ale trade has taken the lead in Burton. The marvellous growth of the brewing trade has been more especially since 1862. At Burton nearly

3,000,000 barrels of ale, of 36 gallons each, are produced in a year, valued at $35,000,000. Bass & Co., and Allsopp & Sons, have the largest of the thirty breweries there. Bass & Co.'s business premises cover over 150 acres, with six miles of railway and six locomotives — their own exclusive property.

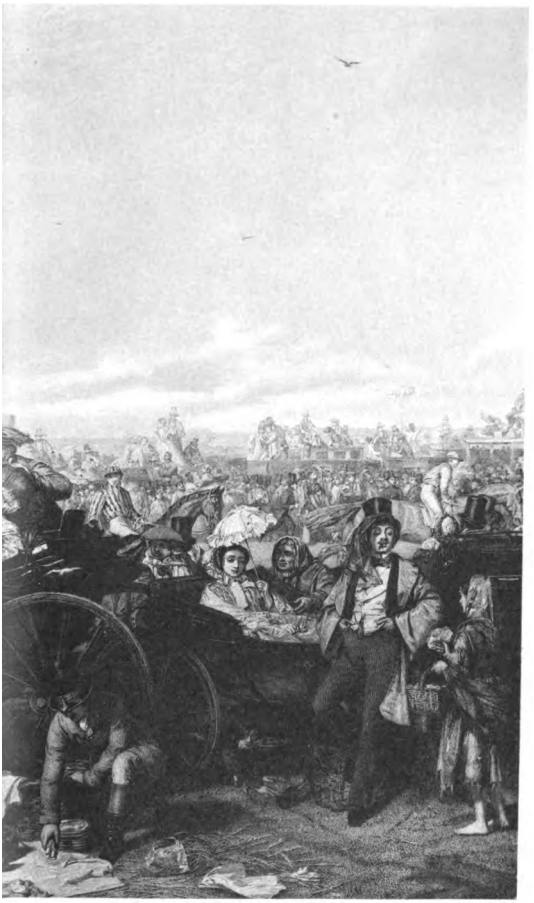
We were introduced by the attentive landlord of the Queen's to one of the firm of Bass & Co., who kindly took us over the more interesting portion of their enormous breweries. Afterward we found our way into one of the vast receiving cellars or vaults, where an employé, appreciating our motives and coin, led us on through hidden recesses to a particular row of barrels, one of which he pierced with a gimlet, and drew into a tall beaker glass after glass of ale unsurpassed in quality and appearance. One learns here to appreciate all the more that, in buying Bass's ale, care should be taken to find out who bottled it.

IV.

No sooner had one county of interest been left than we entered another. It was a great satisfaction to know that, ride where one would, new attractions were always to be found. Derbyshire, the next county on our route to the north, is famous for its scenery, its waters, its Chatsworth, and its Haddon and Hardwick Halls. The great "Derby" races are not held in Derby, but more than a hundred miles to the south, at Epsom, in Surrey, fourteen miles southwest of London. To be sure, races are held at Derby, the county town of Derbyshire, but they are rather local, and not to be mistaken for the "Derby" races at Epsom. The great Epsom meeting is on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday immediately before Whitsuntide, the

"Derby" being on Wednesday, the "Oaks" on Friday; called so after one of the Earls of Derby, and his seat, the Oaks, which is in the neighborhood. Next in importance to the Epsom races are the Doncaster races, at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, held (1879) on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 9, 10, 11, and 12. As the "Derby" is the chief feature of the Epsom races, so the "St. Leger" is that of the Doncaster races; named after Lieutenant-General St. Leger, who originated it in 1776. Of the Doncaster races more will be said later on.

Our morning examination of the great breweries at Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, and the proper sampling of Bass's finest ale, prevented a very early start; but at last we were again in the saddle, and pushed on to Derby, where we found it advisable to take the train for Matlock Bath, arriving there at 2.30 P. M.,



ished.

and stopping at the New Bath Hotel. Matlock Bath is resorted to for its medicinal springs, and the many interesting excursions near by. The village lies in a dale through which the river Derwent flows, by steep and lofty rocks nearly three hundred feet high. The Matlock waters have a temperature of about 68° Fahrenheit. In the basement of our hotel was a large swimming bath, between cemented walls, wherein the natural waters constantly flowed; so that on arising in the morning, or at any other time, without leaving the house, we could descend and swim around at pleasure. Our first afternoon at Matlock was spent in paddling canoes on the river, rambling along the shore and over the rocks, and in having our tin-types taken, in riding costume, at the little stand by the highway.

The next morning we were off at a good hour for Chatsworth, "the finest private country residence in the world." Our ride

was up the Derwent valley from Matlock for about eight miles. The Park at Chatsworth is upwards of eleven miles in circuit (equal to that of the whole town of Brookline, Mass.). As we rode through the park, herds of deer were seen quite near on each side of the avenue; the bucks, with their antlers erect, all on one side, the does scampering off on the other. We dismounted at the mansion, or palace, and resting our machines upon the inner side of the great gate walls, waited, as the custom is, for the arrival of a sufficient number of persons to make up a party for the ushers to conduct through the residence and grounds. I am not now sure of the number, but believe about three thousand persons a week were then visiting Chatsworth. Thirty years ago, in 1850, Downing wrote that "upwards of eighty thousand persons visited Chatsworth last year." The crowd is greater, of course, in summer. Long open coaches and con-

veyances of various kinds bring visitors by the score from the stations at Rowsley and Bakewell, and from all the country round about.

To me the greatest attractions in the interior of the mansion were the sculpture and the marvellous wood carving; the latter claimed to be largely by that master artist of the seventeenth century, Grinling Gibbons, whose subjects are chiefly birds, flowers, foliage, fruit, and lace. It is even said that "many of his flowers used to move on their stems, like their natural prototypes, when shaken by a breeze." In the sculpture gallery, the usher, who had observed our scrutiny, kindly remarked, as the potent coin touched her palm, that we might remain till the next party came through; this we did, enjoying at our leisure, and undisturbed, the fine pieces by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Chantrey. Afterwards we found the grand conserva-

tory and the gardens attractive and justly celebrated; but for an interesting description of these, I refer the reader to Downing's account of Chatsworth in his "Rural Essays."

On the way back to Matlock we dismounted for a little refreshment, but were told by the woman in charge of the place that she had formerly "cut up as many as *five hams* in a season," but of late, customers were so few that she had given up keeping supplies, and could not give us even a glass of milk, on account of some peculiarity of her landlord. This was the sorriest place of the kind we met in the whole country. It was true, however, that on account of the hard times in England, travel was then much lighter than formerly; and as a rule, even at well-established inns, bicycle riders were welcomed for the few shillings they left.

On arriving at Matlock we dined with

a hearty appetite, and concluded to go to London by the evening train, to see on the morrow the last day's riding of the great six days' bicycle race at Agricultural Hall, London, and to attend to other matters there. We arrived at our rooms on Duke Street at 11 P. M. that evening. This ride by rail, from Matlock Bath to London and back, is not indicated on the map.

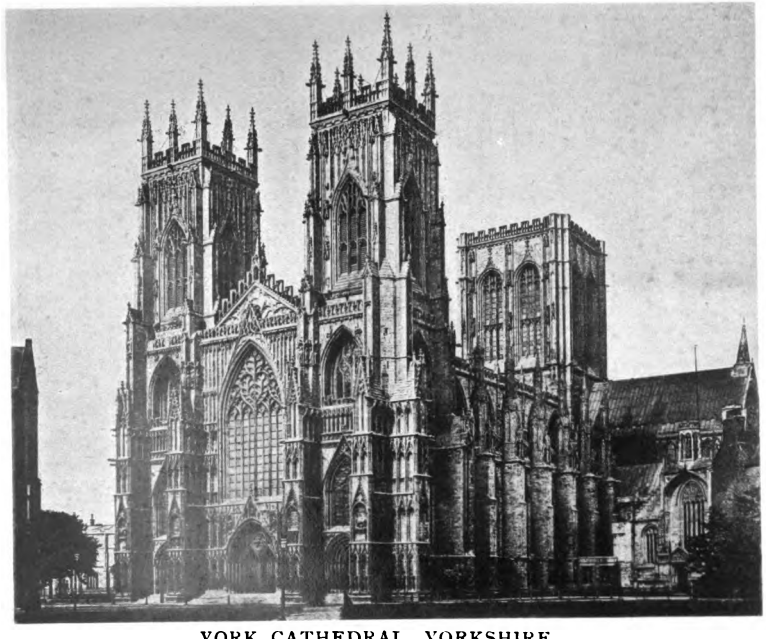
We frequently took long as well as short journeys by rail in addition to our bicycle riding; most of our time in passing from place to place, however, being spent in the saddle. England has such a network of railways, that one can dart hither and yon in all directions from almost any point. By taking advantage of these facilities for travel, we saw a large portion of the country not covered by our route on the bicycle. We travelled in our riding costume, either first, second, or third class, as fancy or good luck determined. The third-class accom-

modations are at times good and at times bad. Thus, in 1879, the Midland was a favorite road for third-class passengers, while the London and South Eastern was so unpopular that the "Times" published several letters condemning the company. The purchase of a second, or even a third-class ticket, often resulted in a ride in a first-class compartment. This happened when all but first-class compartments were full, or when the customary sixpence to the porter induced him to open a first-class compartment whether the others were full or not. This is the every-day experience in England.

English life on the railway trains is quite a study. One day at Derby the trains were all late, and the station crowded with a motley throng from the local races. We knew there would be a scramble when the down train came, and tipped a porter with particular instructions to get us a

seat; but, just as the porter opened a door, a rush of rowdies in regular English fashion swept porter and everybody else away from the car. I never came nearer planting my fist in somebody's eye, but it was well I did not; it would have been rash, and a moment later our porter had us safely tucked into a first-class compartment. There were seven persons crowded into that compartment, which was meant for but six, and the chaff and abuse hurled to and fro between some of his countrymen and that seventh man were such as I thought would lead to blows. At last the situation was accepted, the conversation turned pleasantly upon the races, and we were made acquainted with the freshest horse-talk of the day. On another occasion, while riding out of London in a second-class compartment, a man got in with a large open basket filled with glassware, which he rested upon his knees, and then

began to smoke, though it was not a smoking car. The thought of being mixed up with a basketful of lamp chimneys and glass *bric-a-brac*, in case of an accident, was not pleasant; altogether, the glass man was a good subject for attack, and a fellow-passenger who disliked smoking engaged with him in such a bout of words that the guard was at last called on to settle the matter. But for banter and raillery, or for mockery and jeer, I suppose the London cockney carries off the palm. We had such a fellow on board the "Baltic" on the voyage over, who was set upon one day in the smoking-room by some sharp-tongued Americans, and who gave in return an exhibition of his powers of retort, which fully sustained the reputation of his class. Of a different type was the soldier we travelled with in Wiltshire, who was just from the Cape, having returned with Captain Cary, and who took pleasure in exhibiting some



YORK CATHEDRAL, YORKSHIRE.

"The finest Gothic pile in the world." Built for the most part in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

(PAGE 94.)

ostrich feathers from South Africa, and assegai or Zulu darts of the kind used in the assassination of Louis Napoleon. While riding through Staffordshire one evening, the train stopped, and a man came tumbling into the compartment with his fish-pole and basket, in a high frame of mind over his day's sport, having lost his two companions, and having a few little fish which he exultingly showed for approval. But to return.

The race at Agricultural Hall, London, was won by Waller, a Newcastle man, who accomplished the extraordinary feat of riding fourteen hundred and four miles in six days of eighteen working hours each. Not one of the contestants was a physical model. Keen, who probably rides in the best form of any English rider of note, did not enter this race, or at least was not riding that day. Waller, Terront, and Cann were the chief contestants. We saw Cann fall

in turning a corner; it was pitiable: fortunately the other riders did not fall on him. He was picked up by a policeman, and, with damaged ankle and arm, was helped hobbling to a dressing-room. Terront pressed close upon Waller, lap after lap, but Waller held his own. They ate and drank in the saddle, seizing food or a mug of beef tea — or whatever it was — as they passed an attendant, and tossing back the mug empty on the next round. The riders were tough and sinewy to a remarkable degree, but wanting in athletic beauty of form. It was not my fortune to see in all England a single bicycle rider noticeable for grace and ease in the saddle. Keen, to be sure, is an exception, but I never saw Keen ride till he came to America. This want of form in riding, even among some of the most extraordinary long-distance riders in England, was especially noticeable.

The next day (Sunday, September 7) we

left London, and returned to Matlock Bath over the Midland Railroad, arriving at 7.30 P. M. On Monday morning we were off again in the saddle over the road towards Chatsworth. The rain of the day before made the road very treacherous. We have nothing of the kind in Massachusetts: English roads with a limestone surface are, when wet, exasperatingly slippery; I felt in my bones, as the phrase is, that I should fall, and I did, but no harm was done. About three miles south of Chatsworth we turned to the west, passing the celebrated Peacock Inn, well known to tourists in Derbyshire, and in a few moments rode up to Haddon Hall, which, perhaps, gives the best idea of an ancient baronial residence to be found in England, for it is preserved as it was. We were shown through Haddon by a pretty little maid of about twelve years, who pointed out and described the various rooms and mementos

with a precision and a charm that were captivating. Her voice had that sweetness and purity of tone for which so many of the sex in England are noted the world over.

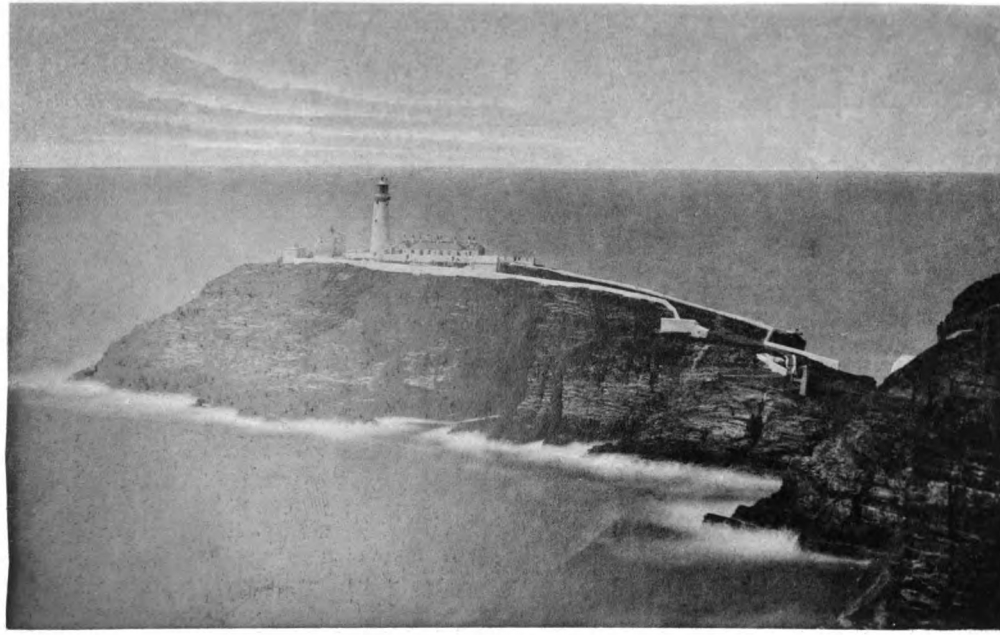
Our route from Haddon Hall was over Beeley Hill (nearly one thousand feet high) and across Beeley Moor to Chesterfield. A better way would have been by Bakewell and Baslow. The hill gave us a hard climb, and the road over the moor at the top was too rough for bicycle riding; it was the hardest and longest tramp in pushing our bicycles that we had, and before we reached Chesterfield a heavy shower overtook us. After dinner at the Angel, as the roads were too muddy to use our machines with comfort, we took a hansom, and were driven out to Hardwick Hall, eight miles southeast. This hall is far-famed and very interesting, and, like Chatsworth, is the property of the Duke of

Devonshire. It was here that Mary Queen of Scots passed several years of her captivity. The great picture gallery is one hundred and ninety-five feet in length, ranging along the whole of the east front.

From Chesterfield our route was to Sheffield and Doncaster, — both in Yorkshire. Our stop at Sheffield was short, to examine the Hallamshire bicycle works; and we hurried on to Doncaster to attend the races. That town was crowded with visitors. We dined at the Royal Hotel, but were told that a bed for that night was not to be had in Doncaster under two guineas — ten dollars. As two guineas was altogether more than we intended to pay, we went to the races, and then, jumping on our saddles, rode over to Thorne, nine miles off, arriving at the White Hart in ample time for tea, and paid for our beds but two shillings.

After breakfast the next day we rode to

Selby by the way of Snaith, the latter half of the way over an execrable road, badly out of repair. At Selby we lunched at the Londesborough Arms, and had opportunity to examine the beautiful church near by; then, leaving our machines, we took a train back to Doncaster, arriving there in time to attend the ten races of that afternoon, including the great St. Leger. Thousands of people go every year to these races. They even tell you in Yorkshire that the Doncaster races are not surpassed by the "Derby" at Epsom. Doncaster is a neat and attractive town, and the race-course is close by, over a wide, flat plain; not like our race-courses, but spread over much more ground, with room for many stands and ample space for private coaches and carriages, with the vast throng that surges up and down. We studied the field and scene from every available point, going out to the starting-points, standing midway



SOUTH STACK LIGHT, NEAR HOLYHEAD, WALES.

The light is 212 feet above high water. It is on a rock separated from the bluffs on the right by a chasm crossed by a suspension bridge 90 feet above the water.

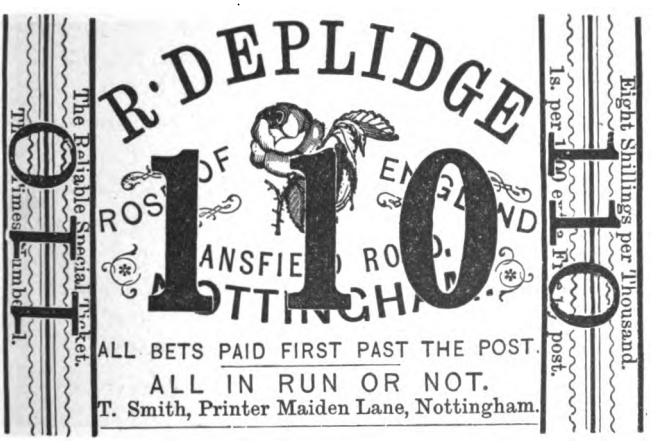
(PAGES 95–102.)

down the course, and being close at the finish. The first race was at 1.45 P. M., and the last of the ten was at 5.30 P. M., so that no time was wasted. The horses are not always started where the race ends, but at various places and distances, so as to finish at the grand stands, after running "five furlongs," "six furlongs," from the "Red House inn," "one mile, six furlongs, and one hundred and thirty-two yards," "two miles and five furlongs," or as the case may be. On the day before, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, entered his famous horse Parole for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, but Parole was easily distanced by Dresden China and two other horses. For the St. Leger stakes there were twenty-two entries. Rayon D'or, entered by Count F. de Lagrange, won; Ruperra came in second.

To see all the horses entered galloping over the turf (the track is entirely of turf

and not gravel), now separate, now in a clump as if to run over each other, and goaded on by the jockeys in their bright costumes, is a stirring sight. The din from the shouting of the betting men and crowd was extraordinary; at times there was a lull, and then a roar of human voices again came over the field. The men who sold betting tickets were usually on short stilts or shoes with soles perhaps a foot thick, and they wore startling costumes with lofty chimney-pots oddly labelled. They hailed from London, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Mingling with these were acrobats, — men who dislocated their shoulders and twisted and bent like snakes; and as for the three-card-monte men, they were everywhere, and as cunning and successful as the craft can be. When the lockers and hampers of the private coaches were opened, there was feasting enough. I saw a little urchin creep

under a coach for an empty champagne bottle. All classes of society elbowed each other; it was one of those days when all England might jostle together with impunity. Here is one of the betting tickets; the original, however, is printed in four different colors:—


R. DEPLIDGE
1 TO 10
ALL BETS PAID FIRST PAST THE POST.
ALL IN RUN OR NOT.
T. Smith, Printer Maiden Lane, Nottingham.
Eight Shillings per Thousand.
The Reliable Special Ticket.

and here is a copy of one of the racing cards, the entries being omitted for want of space, except the entries for the St. Leger Stakes, which are given:—

1.45 THE CLEVELAND HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 100 added; the winner of the Leamington Stakes, the Great Ebor Handicap, or the Great Yorkshire Handicap to carry 9lb, of two of these stakes 12lb or of any other handicap after August 21st, at 10 a.m., 5lb extra; the owner of the second horse to save his stake. — The straight mile (25 subs., 17 of whom pay 5 sovs. each).

2.15 THE RUFFORD ABBEY STAKES (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three yrs old and upwards; a winner after the weights are out to carry 7lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. — Five furlongs. (15 subs.)

2.35 A MATCH of 200 sovs. each, h ft., colts 8st 10lb each, one to the post. — Six furlongs.

3.0 THE CORPORATION STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h ft., with 100 added, for two yrs old only; a winner after Sept. 4th, at 10 a.m., to carry 7lb, twice or of 200 sovs. 10lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. — Red House in. (16 subs.)

3.30 THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three yrs old colts 8st 16lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 200 sovs. and the third 100 sovs. out of the stakes. — New St. Leger Course, about one mile six furlongs and 132 yards. (275 subs.)

1 — Lord Bateman's ch c PROTECTIONIST, by Palmer — Delilah (H. Jeffrey).
Black and rose stripes, rose sleeves and cap.

2 — Mr. H. E. Beddington's b c ALCHEMIST, by Rosicrucian — Gold Dust (Rossiter).
Orange, chocolate sleeves.

3 — Mr. C. Blanton's ch c EXETER, by Cathedral — Scamp's dam (Custance).
Drab, red cap.

4 — Mr. W. S. Cartwright's ch c GEORGE ALBERT, by Marsyas.
Scarlet, black cap.

5 — Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's br c GILDEROY, by Pell Mell — Highland Lassie (Huxtable).
Scarlet.

6 — Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's b or br c LANSDOWN, by St. Albans — Gentle Mary (Fordham).
Scarlet.

7 — Mr. Elam's b c MARSHALL SCOTT, by Ethus — Baroness.
White, red sleeves and cap.

8 — Lord Falmouth's b f LEAP YEAR, by Kingcraft — Wheat-ear.
Black, white sleeves, red cap.

9 — Lord Falmouth's ch c MULEY EDRIS, by Wild Moor — Retty (F. Archer).
Black, white sleeves, red cap.

10 — M. E. Fould's ch c SALTEADOR, by Vertugadin — Slapdash (Hunter).
Yellow and black hoops, black cap.

11 — Mr. Gee's b f WHITE POPPY, by Winslow — Formosa.
Union jack, blue sleeves and cap.

12 — Duke of Hamilton's b c SQUEAKER, by Speaker — Botany Bay.
Light blue, bronze sleeves and cap.

13 — Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's ch c RUPERRA, by Adventurer — Lady Morgan (C. Wood).
Green and gold, yellow cap.

14 — Mr. W. I. Anson's b f MACCARONEA, by Macaroni — Bonny Bell.
Turquoise, violet sleeves and cap.

15 — Count F. de Lagrange's ch c RAYON D'OR, by Flageolet — Arucaria (J. Goater).
Blue, red sleeves and cap.

16 — Count F. de Lagrange's ch c ZUT, by Flageolet — Regalia (J. Morris).
Blue, red sleeves, blue cap.

17 — Lord Norreys' br c SIR BEVYS, by Favonius — Lady Langden (T. Cannon).
Dark blue, yellow cap.

18 — Lord Rosebery's br c VISCONTI, by Parmesan — Lady Audley (Luke).
Primrose, rose hoops and cap.

19 — Lord Scarborough's b f ELLANGOWAN, by Strathconan — Poinsettia.
White, red spots and cap.

20 — Mr. James Snarry's d f JESSIE AGNES, by Macaroni — Polly Agnes.
Crimson, straw sleeves.

21 — Capt. F. Thompson's b c ROBBIE BURNS, by Martyrdom — Auchnafree (J. Snowden).
Green, white seams, black cap.

22 — Mr. J. Trotter's ch c PALMBEARER, by Palmer (J. Osborne).
Pink.

ROCKY BLUFFS AT SOUTH STACK LIGHT, WALES.

From 300 to 500 feet in height. Zigzag path and suspension bridge to the lighthouse rock plainly shown. The "Baltic" struck the bluff below at the extreme right.

(PAGES 100, 101.)

4.0 THE MILTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h ft., with 200 sovs. added, for two yrs old 7st, three 8st 9lb, four 9st 3lb, five and upwards 9st 5lb; m. and g. allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 200 sovs.; if entered to be sold for 100 sovs. allowed 7lb, the overplus over the selling price to be divided according to the new rule. — Five furlongs. (13 subs.)

4.20 MATCH for 500 sovs., h ft. — Two miles.

4.40 THE BRADGATE PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h ft., with 100 added, for two yrs old 7st, and three 8st 10lb; f. and g. allowed 3lb, the second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. — Red House in. (19 subs.)

5.10 HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 200 guineas, for three yrs old 8st 3lb, four 9st 7lb, five 9st 13lb, six and upwards 10st. — Cup Course, about two miles and five furlongs.

5.30 THE MUNICIPAL STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h ft., for two yrs old, colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 7lb. — Red House in. (3 subs.)

Immediately after the races we returned to Selby by rail, and the next morning rode on our bicycles to York, over a fair road. York was the farthest point reached

by us towards the north. Whether to keep on as far as Edinburgh, in Scotland, or not, was considered; but, owing to the rougher nature of the roads in that direction and want of time, it was determined to make York a turning-point, and continue our journey in a westerly direction to Chester and North Wales. The opportunity of examining and admiring the great York Cathedral was fully appreciated. Our tour had now embraced the three greatest of the English cathedrals outside of London, — Canterbury, Salisbury, and York.

I pass over the details of the rest of our trip. Enough has been written to show how independently we travelled; how our chief mode of locomotion on the line of selected route was the bicycle; how, when occasion required, we journeyed by whatever other way was most agreeable, going up to London, or off on side trips occasionally, and so directing the main tour as

to enable us to see those portions of the country deemed most interesting and most available in the short time at our disposal.

Apart from the attractive scenery of Wales, to which we now turned, there was a special reason for travelling in that direction. On July 28, 1879, at ten o'clock at night, the steamship "Baltic," of the White Star line, on which we crossed to Liverpool, ran directly into the rocks at the South Stack lighthouse, on the northwest extremity of Wales. The matter was hushed up, for it is always policy to have but little known either of steamship or of railroad accidents. About a month later, the "Brest," a Cunard steamer, was wrecked off the Lizard, in Cornwall, and all on board might have perished but for the bravery of Cornish life-saving men, who rescued crew and passengers. The Cunard steamer ran full speed on to the rocks at the Lizard, at half-past eight o'clock at night, during a fog.

The Lizard lights were not seen, nor was the fog-horn heard. The only mention in the London "Times" of our extraordinary escape was in very small type, in the shipping column, as follows: —

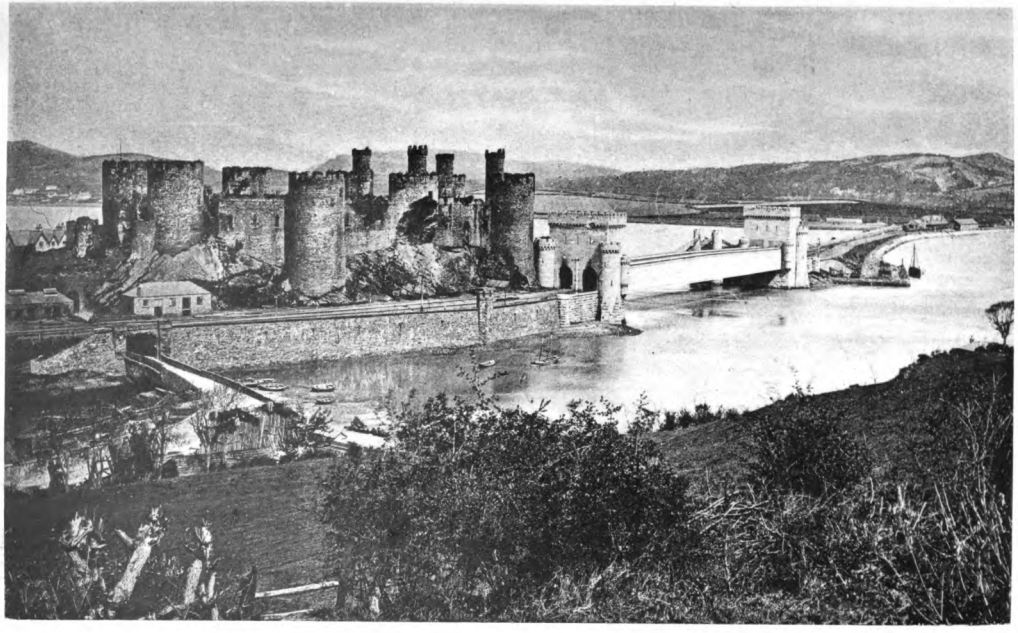
"The Baltic, st., from New York, arrived at Liverpool July 29. The master reports at 10 P. M. on Monday night, during a fog, she *touched* the South Stack and slightly damaged her stem."

"Touched," indeed! On that voyage the "Baltic" left Queenstown at about eight o'clock in the morning, and, a fog setting in, the run up St. George's Channel was made partly at half speed. About four o'clock in the afternoon the steamer just escaped cutting a large sailing vessel in two; at ten o'clock in the evening the crash came, and it being the last night at sea, most of the passengers were up and very social. There was a rush for the deck; ladies fainted; all felt apprehension. The sight from the deck was terri-

bly grand. Two hundred feet above us, glimmering through the fog, was the revolving light of the South Stack; rising from three hundred to five hundred feet from the water where the steamer struck were dark, almost perpendicular rocks; an alarm bell and guns were heard from off the shore. The steamer, having struck head on in deep water, was backed off; she at once listed heavily to starboard. The blow had crushed the bow; no one knew how soon she would go down. The boats stuck; it was a quarter of an hour and more before some were loosened. A small boat forward was launched by sailors and ordered back. The steamer listed heavily again, and passengers moved to the port side. The water was not rough; we were near enough at first to swim to shore, but we did not then know that the current there was too strong for any swimmer, and we did not know that the rocks were too

steep to climb, with a tide rising sixteen feet to wash off any, perhaps, who got a footing. It is a horrible place; many a vessel has been lost on this shore. When the "Arizona," of the Guion line, struck an iceberg that fall, the ice crumbled down by the ton; when the "Baltic" struck at South Stack, the solid rock was unyielding: true, speed had been slackened, because, a moment before the steamer struck, the danger was seen, and the engines reversed, but altogether too late to stop the vessel. The strength of modern steamers is thus shown:[1] their division into compartments is a great safeguard; this saved the "Baltic." The forward compartment filled with water;

[1] A minute examination of the "Arizona," when in dock, showed that "about twenty feet of the iron work of the bow, to within a few feet of the collision bulkhead, had been completely carried away by collision with the iceberg; but, in other parts of the hull, every plate was in its place, and not a single rivet had been started."



CONWAY CASTLE, NORTHERN WALES.

Property of the Crown. Erected in 1284 by Edward I. Dismantled in 1665 by Edward, Earl of Conway.

(PAGE 102.)

the other six kept dry. The steamer was backed off farther and farther, out of sight of the light, but within hearing of the guns. Some thought it safer to keep nearer the land, to make Holyhead, close by; but the captain kept her out to sea; the vessel stopped listing, and eventually we disembarked at Liverpool in safety. The accident was attributed to the tide and fog; the steamer should have been two or three miles farther out. It seems that an Italian lady gave the first alarm, as the great revolving light suddenly loomed through the fog; and that the lookout's warning followed after. Most of the passengers sat up all that night, not knowing what might occur; and, as sometimes happens in such cases, almost every passenger on board, including diplomats, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and ladies, signed a paper next morning, exonerating the captain, and gave him three cheers on leav-

ing the steamer, so elated were they at escape.[1]

On our arrival in bicycle dress at Holyhead, a month and a half after this accident, we walked across the island to the South Stack Light, to see from the land where the "Baltic" struck. The coast scenery there is magnificent. The approach and descent down the rocks and across the suspension bridge, ninety feet

[1] At three o'clock in the morning of March 13, 1880, the "Montana," of the Guion Line, was stranded on the rocks beyond South Stack Light. The passengers, mails, and crew were landed and sent to Liverpool next morning. The Liverpool stipendiary gave judgment to the effect that the accident was "in consequence of the captain having neglected to make due allowance for the ebb tide before and after passing the South Stack, which there runs strongly, takes the ship on the port bow, and sets her in toward the land. The court could not accept the excuse put forward by the master's advocate, that he thought himself so far out of the range of the Skerries as not to necessitate the use of the lead. The court found the master in default for not making due allowance for the tide, as he was bound to do, and for not using his lead, and suspended his certificate for six calendar months." — *New York Maritime Register*, April 28, 1880.

above the sea, to the little lighthouse islet, is uncommonly grand. Men used to be lowered over these rocks, which are hundreds of feet high, by ropes, for birds' eggs. The practice is now prohibited. There is a zigzag path of stone steps from the summit above to the bridge below, and one must ring a bell on the land side of the bridge to communicate with the keeper, before admittance to the rocky islet is gained.

To our surprise, the lighthouse keeper said he knew nothing of the danger the "Baltic" was in till a day or two after the event. He was up in the lighthouse at the time, and the fog cut off any view of the sea. A wager on this, as to whether the lighthouse keeper knew of our danger, had been made in London. The keeper could have given no assistance, not having a life-boat or crew; and he remarked that, had we gone down that night, we "would

have known what the fishes had for supper."

A travelling photographer, with his apparatus, happened to arrive while we were on the rock, and I directed him to take several views of the scene of our accident and escape. These were afterwards obtained at Warwick, his headquarters; and they are the best pictures of that romantic spot known to me.

During our short stay in North Wales we examined Carnarvon and Conway Castles, — noble old structures and magnificent ruins; and we also went up to pretty Llanberris, stopping at the Victoria Hotel, and walking from thence to the top of Snowdon, the highest mountain in England or Wales (thirty-five hundred and seventy-one feet high), returning on foot down by Llyn Llydaw and the grand Pass of Llanberris. We had fine weather in Wales, and our day at South Stack

Light was perfect: the air delightful, and all peaceful and still.

While on the summit of Snowdon, we took shelter from the driving clouds in a small house, where some English travellers joined us in conversation over a lunch of bread, cheese, and ale. After a while an allusion to the United States drew an astonished inquiry as to whether we were "from America,— really from the States"? They found it hard to believe that we were not Englishmen, though I had supposed that our talk was free from the peculiar idioms, turns of expression, and intonation, which stamp the Englishman the world over. This was very different from my experience in Berlin, where, sitting for the first time at a long hotel table alone among strangers, an Englishman in the next chair spoke to me in our common tongue, having detected my nationality, as he said, by merely overhearing the single word with

which I ordered wine. This man, however, was an exceptional observer, and one of wide experience. He even alleged that, by a few minutes' chat, he could tell from which of the forty counties in England any of his countrymen were; a matter not so hard to determine where the dialects are as pronounced as in Yorkshire, Berkshire, or Somersetshire; but, as to other and contiguous counties, where the shades of difference are slight, even if appreciable, the possibility of such a performance may, perhaps, be questioned.

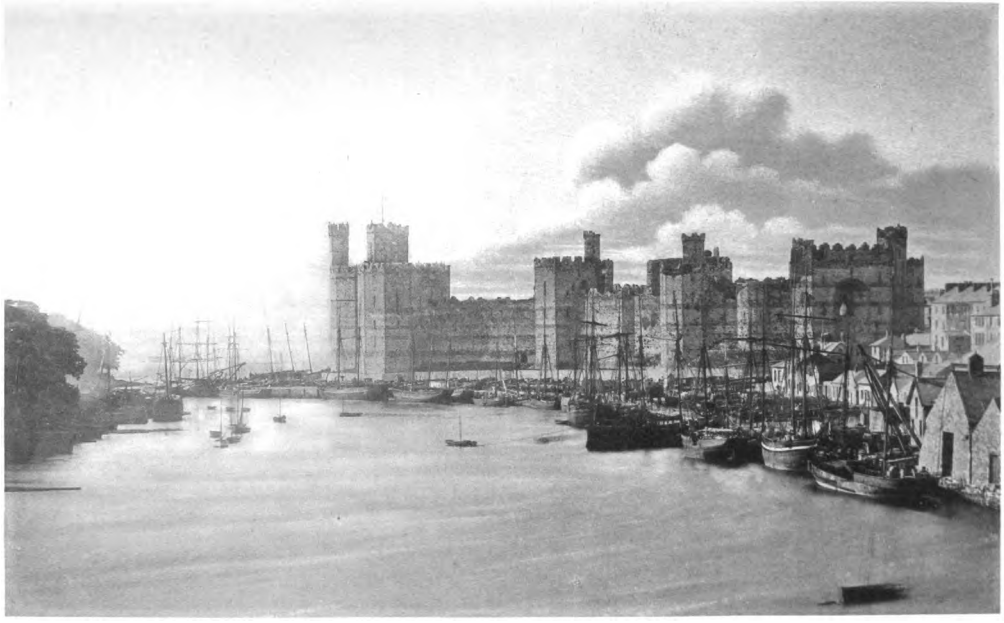
The details of our journey back to London, by the way of Chester, Birmingham, and Coventry, I omit, for this account has already been extended more than was designed. We reached London without accident, in health and fine spirits, sunburned and strong, and returned our hired bicycles to Peake's, on Princes Street, within a moment or two of the precise time when the

month expired for which they were engaged.

It must not be supposed that we passed over all the choicest parts of England and Wales on this tour. Many delightful trips could be made without crossing our path. There is a large portion of western and southwestern England which we omitted altogether. Then there is the ride through the Lake country, — rather rough, however, — and so on over what I was told is a very fine road, — the run from Carlisle to Edinburgh. For crossing North Wales, one may take either the more northerly route from Chester to Bangor, or the famous road from Shrewsbury to Bangor, on the line of the old mail route between London and Holyhead, which was improved at great expense in the days of Telford, under the direction of parliamentary commissioners. But the runs are so many and so interesting in all directions

over England — excepting, perhaps, parts of Norfolk and Suffolk in the east — that no fixed line of travel can be prescribed, but each tourist must choose for himself. If a centre is to be chosen, take either Coventry or London.

As to the expense of bicycle travelling in England, it depends so much on the rider himself, that perhaps no satisfactory answer can be given. We did not travel under the auspices of the Bicycle Touring Club, but went to the best inns and hotels, so far as we knew, and got the best of what we could, at the same time travelling prudently. I have before me hotel bills from different parts of England; but, not even with their aid, can I tell accurately what our expenses were. This, however, can be said, that it is safe to allow four dollars a day; the expenses would often be less, — at times, perhaps, more. Good food, and plenty of it, is indispensable on such a tour, as well as



CARNARVON CASTLE, NORTHERN WALES.

Property of the Crown. Begun in 1283. Partially dismantled in 1660.

(PAGE 102.)

a good bed and plenty of sleep. Provision should be made for accidents to machine and person. The riding-suit should be of a dark rather than light cloth. There is more rain and mud in England than in our country; and, in riding, clothes are more apt to be soiled there. Warm underclothing is needed; for in summer it is much cooler in England than here. In the middle of the day we often found it warm; and, while riding then, I used to take off my blouse and strap it on to the handle bar with a little shawl-strap, which I have always found very convenient for that use. Good riding-maps are necessary; those reduced from the Ordnance Survey are the best, and can be had as before mentioned. Some advise taking a pair of serge trousers, which pack small, "to enable one to go about without attracting that attention which is the lot of any one clad in polo cap and knee breeches; a costume, which, how-

ever appropriate near a bicycle, is objectionable apart from it." However, variety of costume, and dress adapted to the various sports, is so common abroad, that it seemed to me less notice is taken there than here of one's apparel, provided it is becoming.

In conclusion, let me say that a bicycle tour of any length abroad is not all sunshine and delight, but means the overcoming of many obstacles, making the best of rainy weather and strong head winds, putting up with the peculiarities of another country, and, above all, the constant exercise of pluck, patience, and consideration,— traits which it was my good fortune to see daily exhibited by my young companion on this tour.

APPENDIX.

I.

PRACTICAL BICYCLING ADVICE.

THE following is from "The Bicyclist's Pocket Book and Diary," published in London in 1879. The suggestions are sensible, and for the most part as applicable in America as in England: —

NO. 1. ITS VALUE AS AN EXERCISE.

Bicycling has now lived down the prejudice which, from a medical point of view, existed against it. It is admitted that the idea of rupture being produced by it is simply nonsense. Taken, as all exercise should be, judiciously and in moderation, it is one of, if not the best, exercise of the day. Its special benefits are, that it increases the circulation; works more muscles than are worked in any other exercise; amuses the mind by the places which can be visited by its means; gives the lungs a greater change of air than could ordinarily be obtained; induces strength of nerve and powers of self-possession; stimulates the appetite, and last, but not

least, is an almost infallible remedy for a sluggish liver. The art of riding can be easily acquired by any person sufficiently active for the ordinary duties of life. There is no limit to the age at which bicycling can be learnt; the only drawback to an elderly man acquiring the knowledge is the fact that he cannot, as a rule, stand, with impunity, the preliminary falls which every adult learner must experience more or less. A boy of eight or nine can be taught without falls, because he can literally be caught when falling, if proper attention is given to the task; but it is different with adults. There is, perhaps, no person who derives so much pleasure from bicycling as the man who has been accustomed to active exercise on the river, or in the cricket or football field, and who has abandoned those pastimes on reaching "the thirties." The only persons for whom it is undesirable to learn are persons suffering from heart disease or consumption; all others may ride not only with impunity, but with great physical advantage.

No. 2. Choice of a Machine.

To say, as a hard and fast rule, that a roadster machine should be heavy or light; should never exceed 50 inches in the driving wheel; or should be regulated by a man's height, or even by his length of leg, is an exploded theory. 1st. A light machine, if well made, will run as easily over a rough road as a heavy one; it only requires more careful riding; *i. e.*, instead of sitting

heavily on the saddle, as could be done on the heavy machine, it is necessary, by leaning on the handles and keeping the weight partially on the treadles, to humor the light machine. The question between a 35-pounder and a 52-pounder is therefore merely one of the rider; but for the novice we certainly say unhesitatingly — "for the first year at least ride the heavy machine." Nine men out of ten will eventually take to a light machine, which tells most favorably in comparison with a heavy one on a long journey or a smooth road. A novice, unless he is exceptionally active, should never ride, at first, his full size of machine, because most of a novice's tumbles and falls are in mounting. A man should really be measured, so to speak, for his machine. That is, his height is nothing to go by, as some men of equal height are long in the body and short in the legs, and *vice versa*. Thus a man of 5 feet 7 inches may ride a 56-inch, while a 5 foot 9 inch man may be limited to a 52-inch. Nor is the length of leg an infallible criterion, as, unless a tall man is well knit, his legs cannot be utilized to their full length. In purchasing a machine, therefore, the novice will do well to ride a strong, heavy machine at first, and, when he becomes an accomplished rider, to invest in a light machine by a good maker, who has a reputation to lose. No machine should be without a brake. The neatest, most powerful, and only reliable brake is that applied to the front wheel, and by far the safest front-wheel brake is the "grip brake," as the power of applying it can be used

with more delicacy than in any brake worked by revolving the handle of the bicycle. As the principle of a bicycle is *tension*, not inward thrust, there is no extra rigidity secured by spokes screwed direct into the hub as against those simply nutted. This is entirely a matter of taste. It will be seen that there is no inward strain on the wheel, when it is considered that, if there were, the spokes in the felloe might occasionally protrude and push the rubber off. The best bearings are ball bearings. The bearings of a hind wheel must be adjustable. On other points a purchaser must be guided by his own judgment, but he cannot go far wrong if he goes to a well-known and respectable firm.

No. 3. On Touring.

A companion is a very desirable adjunct to a tour, but by no means a necessity. In fact, provided a man knew that he would find genial companions at every resting-place for the night, he might dispense with a companion on the road, as that luxury frequently entails delays when one is fresh and stern chases when one is weary, the chance of meeting with a man of equal speed being rare. If a companion be chosen, however, he should be a man of even temper, and as nearly equal tastes as possible, both as to sight-seeing, expenditure, and speed. For the ordinary tourist, the best "wardrobe" is a riding suit of blue serge, with a straw or deerstalker hat, as the latter can be worn any-

where. A spare warm jersey, flannel shirt, and a thin pair of serge trousers (which pack up small), with comb, tooth-brush, collars, handkerchief, and necktie, will be found sufficient alike for comfort, and to enable one to go about without attracting that attention which is the lot of any one clad in polo cap and knee breeches, a costume which, however appropriate near a bicycle, is objectionable apart from it. Four is a better number for a tour than two, for many reasons, the principal of which are that one's companions can be changed, and that a party of four are more likely to get attention in the way of specially prepared meals, &c., than one or two travelling alone. It should be remembered that excessive fatigue, in most men, paralyzes the digestive system, while exercise, moderated in proportion to one's strength, increases the working of that organization. Men who can ride, day after day, scathless, over give-and-take roads, more than 50 miles a journey, are exceptional. The better system is to do 70 one day, if a chance offers, and only 30 the next day. One day's rest in seven is not sufficient to thoroughly enjoy a tour; there ought to be two days' rest. Never carry a knapsack; it is unsightly, top heavy, and generally worrying. Always remember that a few pounds extra wheeled on a machine are not felt as compared to what they would be if carried on one's back. The Multum in Parvo is unquestionably the best luggage carrier. As "legs over the handles" is the safest manner of resting those limbs downhill, it is undesirable, if possi-

ble to avoid it, to have any luggage on the steering bar. A large "Multum" will carry the articles we have already named. The way to thoroughly enjoy a tour is to go exactly where one fancies, without reference to roads. If walking has to be done, it is no more fatiguing to walk and wheel a bicycle than it is to walk alone. Beyond an occasional glass of ale, stimulants should be avoided when on the road, as they cause the rider to overtax his strength. In the evening, after the work is over, they can be indulged in, — moderately of course. The majority of men require good, generous diet under exertion, if prolonged for more than one day. A small box of powdered fuller's earth will prove a great boon to the majority of bicycling tourists. It should always be taken into consideration, before starting on a tour, whether the main object of it is to see the places or simply to fly over good roads. Never part with your luggage or send it by train. Never ride at your top speed when touring, or fatigue will result. Examine your tyres every morning before starting, and touch up the cement with a hot poker if necessary. Try all nuts before starting. Keep the hind-wheel bearings carefully adjusted, and never forget to tighten up the saddle thumbscrews. Never ask any one but a bicyclist what roads are like.

No. 4. On the Road.

After learning to keep a bicycle on end, and to propel it without fatigue, the rider's task is by no means

complete. He has to learn what may be called the "coachmanship" of bicycling. It is a want of, or a disregard of, this knowledge that usually brings riders to grief. It may be divided into two parts, viz., that which is required for one's own safety and that which is required for other people's. First of all, learn to keep to the left [right in the United States] *invariably*, whether the road be rough or smooth, when meeting a vehicle. Always, in overtaking it, pass a vehicle on *its* right [left] side, no matter how easy it may appear to continue your course to its left [right]. Led horses should be given a wide berth, and always passed on the side on which the man is walking or riding. Vehicles and horses should never be passed by a party on both sides at once. Never shout at pedestrians, but give notice of approach either by a bell or by coughing, or in some other inoffensive way. Always carry a bell and a lamp [the lamp, if you are to ride at night, — not otherwise]; they are useful, and in many counties compulsory by law. Whistles and gongs are almost useless. Bugles are very effective, if well blown, but too noisy and obtrusive for single riders or small parties. Never ride on the path [sidewalk]. Never take your feet off the treadles until you can see the bottom of a hill, no matter how well you know it. Remember, if the wind be fair, you will require more brake power at hills you may have easily descended before. On greasy, newly-watered macadam, avoid close proximity to vehicles; turn in the knees, stick tight to the handles, and steer by

these means, carefully avoiding leaning over to either side. Legs over the handles is the only safe way of flying a hill. Never hold your breath in riding up hill; it has a tendency to develop heart disease, by closing the lungs against the pumping of the blood. When running suddenly into stones at night, stick to the machine, and keep it going; never give in till actually down. Never needlessly chaff any one; it may be only the exuberance of that vitality which athletic exercise induces; but outsiders will make no allowance for such a feeling. Always remember that, whereas a bicycle cannot be pulled up to a dead stand like an ordinary vehicle [except by some experts[1]], it is incumbent on every rider to dismount, under circumstances that necessitate a stoppage, and that, for not doing this in a crowd, a rider at Battersea underwent "a month's hard labor."

No. 5. Things to be Remembered.

Never to stir out without a spanner [wrench] and oil-can. Always to trim your lamp and provide matches. To tighten up the saddle-screws with plyers or spanner, and not to trust to the fingers. That buckled wheels, by pulling, will generally spring all right again. That nothing wears so well, if required to tie on a loose tyre, as ordinary twine. That gravel roads should be chosen for riding in dry, and macadam roads in wet, weather.

[1] Mr. Owen, of Washington, stood still on his bicycle two hours and twenty-two minutes, when he dismounted voluntarily.

That india-rubber does not slip on ice. That a leather-strip tyre does not slip on greasy macadam or stones. That those who perspire freely should always carry a dry flannel shirt for a change. That a little extra weight on the machine makes very little difference. That an oily rag rubbed over bright work *in time* will prevent rust. That there should be no funking when mounting. That the backbone is the safest mode of dismounting. That good oil is the cheapest in the end.

II.

HINTS ON CONTINENTAL TOURING.

THE following extracts from an article with the above title, printed in an English publication called the "Wheelman's Year Book," for 1881, may be of interest. The writer has explored on his bicycle "about thirty counties in England and Scotland, and the greater part of middle and western Europe."

If I were asked where one would be able to obtain the most advantage from the use of a bicycle for a short holiday of, say a month or three weeks, I should reply in favor of Switzerland and the Black Forest. Should expense be of little moment, the express train could be taken right into Switzerland, a week or ten days spent there, and then the train taken home again. The best pieces of road in that district are between Sallanches and Chamounix, Martigny and Lausanne, Lausanne and Geneva, Yverdon and Neuchatel, Zweissimmen and Thun, Interlachen and Lucerne, and Zurich and Schaffhausen. All the other roads which border the Swiss lakes are generally in as good condition as an average English road; but in wet weather, where there is much traffic (especially from Geneva to Sallanches), the

roads become very heavy, and, for a day or so afterwards, have that roughness of dried mud which causes such unpleasant jolting. With a very few exceptions, wherever there is a service of *diligences*, there will be found a good road, and especially where the route is a hilly one, for the mountain roads, being made at considerable cost, are so constructed as to remain in excellent condition for long periods.

I have often been asked how I manage about the mountains, when in Switzerland, with a bicycle, and cannot attribute such a senseless question to anything but ignorance of the country. Where there is a road good enough for carriages, of course the bicycle can go, but, in cases of climbing, where all have to go on foot, no sane person would wish to take a bicycle, any more than he would ask to be driven in the Chamounix *diligence* to the top of Mont Blanc.

My reasons for first alluding to Switzerland are that it is the place most generally longed for by those whose time or means will not permit wandering in more distant parts; that it is a country well laid out for tourists, and therefore not presenting so many difficulties in the way of language or such peculiarities as beset the inexperienced traveller in less frequented localities, and that it so abounds with the glories of nature as amply to repay all efforts to see it. Next in order, perhaps, I should put the Black Forest. Here we find a higher average of quality for the roads, but less grandeur in the scenery, and more need of acquaintance with the

language (German), as the hotels are at greater distances from one another, and less visited by English-speaking people. Three or four hundred miles of excellent bicycling may, however, be there obtained, with a most adequate repayment of charming landscapes, filled with dark mountains, wonderful woods, and rich gorges.

France is the land of racing paths. Here we have roads on which twelve miles an hour can be made without difficulty, and fifteen miles in a single hour is a not very extraordinary accomplishment. Every one who loves a good road and "making the pace," should try a few hundred miles in France. But for myself, having been across that country from Dieppe to Strasburg, and from Lausanne to Boulogne, I find that the attraction of turning my wheel with exquisite ease has now ceased to be sufficient compensation for riding on a road almost as monotonous as an interminable extension of the broad track at Lillie Bridge, although my first hundred miles on a Gallic highway will always be a pleasant remembrance. The more hilly parts of France, however, must always furnish a very considerable amount of enjoyment, such as the neighborhoods of Rouen, Magny, Poissy, Ligny, Nancy, Metz, Dijon, and Pontarlier, while from repute I might name the Valley of the Loire and other districts of the South, where the roads are said to be equally good.

The Belgian roads are rideable, but railway travelling is so cheap and the country so much more noted for

particular spots of interest than for any beauty of scenery, that it will scarcely reward a bicyclist unless he is making a grand tour, and merely passes through on his way to fairer lands.

The roads on the banks of the Rhine are good, but the steamboat is inexpensive and affords a better view of the celebrated surroundings, whilst above Mayence the country is flat for a considerable distance, and somewhat similar to the Thames Valley district.

Further eastward we have the Harz Mountains, where several hundred miles of excellent roads may be found, bearing in mind that here, as elsewhere, the finest surfaces are not in the plains, but among and over the mountains. The road over the Brocken, for instance, is one of the best, whilst towards Eisleben parts are here and there unrideable.

For some distance south of Leipsic there is a great sameness of country, and unless the bicyclist should have an insuperable objection to leaving the road, he would do well to pay a few marks to the railway proprietors, for visiting Dresden, Prague, Ratisbon, Nuremburg, etc. (I say proprietors, as the railways in these regions do not always appertain to companies or the state, but bear the names of archdukes, crown princes, and other tremendous personages of that sort.)

The roads in the valley of the Danube are passable, but between Passau and Buda-Pesth a ride in a steamboat is a good investment.

Taking another strip of country to the south, we have

Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol. Here the roads are very variable. Sometimes one can make ten or twelve miles in an hour, and at others not four miles, the roads being unrideable. For instance, from Vienna to Mödling, there are ruts nine inches deep, on the bottom of which, however, a bicycle wheel might run were it not for stones and smaller sub-ruts (if I may so call them) which break up the surface formed by numbers of broad-tyred cart-wheels; and in the neighborhood of Bruck-am-Mur and Graz pieces of road will be found with many loose stones and smaller ruts, which do not conduce to the stability of any machine, and most certainly jeopardize the springs and other delicate parts of second-rate or lightly-built ones. When I was in Austria I constantly came upon several miles of loose stones; once, notably between Mond See and Salzburg, three hours were lost in traversing fourteen miles, the sides of the road being marshy, and the road itself well adapted for destroying the stoutest shoes. This is what is called Kaiserstrasse, and corresponds to our King's highway. On several occasions I was advised to take a particular route, by which a Kaiserstrasse would be traversed, the natives naming it as if the perfection of road-making, and so alluring me to my fate. The result of my experiences in this respect is to make me warn all bicyclists against such spoke-loosening, spring-breaking, tyre-cutting devices, and to advise them to take any road but a Kaiserstrasse, if a choice be possible. Apart from these drawbacks there are many good pieces of

road in Styria and Carinthia, and the country is wild and grand.

The roads of the Tyrol are generally very suitable for bicycling. Those in the northern portions are like the Bavarian highways, whilst towards Innsbruck one finds a tendency to improvement, until in some places the quality of a good French road is attained. I generally found that from seven to ten miles an hour could be averaged on the whole of some three hundred miles which I rode in that district.

Just a few words on Northern Italy, and then I shall have exhausted the localities which I have traversed by bicycle, as I have not yet ventured into Russia, Turkey, or Spain.

After rain the roads south of the Alps will generally be in very good condition; but in the summer a few days of dry weather, where there is much traffic, will provide two or three inches of dust. I do not remember finding it necessary to walk any portions in this part, but certainly the Tuscan roads are rather better than those more towards the centre of the great plain, and westward to Cremona and Milan. In the Italian lake district the roads are similar to those of Switzerland.

In concluding this part of my subject I can only repeat that, as a rule, the roads of the continent are much better in mountainous districts than the plains; and that if a bicycle rider is willing now and then to push his machine for a considerable distance, and is not

desirous of such a high average speed as is made at home, he will not regret taking his trusty steed for a thousand miles or so in strange countries. I have three times crossed the Alps with my bicycle, and have not even then had at any time more than fifteen miles to go on foot. The Brenner Pass could almost be ridden without a dismount. I rode with two companions from Innsbruck to the summit in three and a quarter hours, a distance of twenty-three miles up-hill, and only walked about half a mile, whilst the eighty miles' descent into Italy was accomplished at about ten miles an hour, only a few short steep pieces having to be walked. . . .

A very powerful brake is essential, and it is well if it can be applied with ease for half an hour at a time, otherwise the machine may start off in the middle of a twelve-mile hill. Two inches of rake to the machine are absolutely necessary, as the most useful accomplishment abroad is *the careful descent of long steep hills*. Those riders who seem to think that good bicycling consists in being able to ride a semi-racing machine with a perpendicular fork *up* a hill, will find themselves and machines at a discount amongst the mountains, for where there is a hill too steep for an ordinary roadster, it is generally too steep, and also too long, for any other sort of machine, and frequent descents of several (sometimes ten or twelve) miles are not safely or comfortably made by back treadling.

As regards personal equipment, perhaps I had better state what I take myself: one strong light jacket and

trousers to match, one pair of knee-breeches, a waistcoat, one pair of shoes, one pair of thick stockings, two pairs of thin stockings, one pair of socks, one muffler or silk scarf, two merino vests, two pair thin cotton drawers, one night-shirt, four pocket-handkerchiefs, hair-brush, tooth-brush, tooth-powder, soap, and *passport*. These articles I carry in a knapsack measuring 13 × 10 × 4 inches. The knapsack should be provided with canes, and not basket work, the latter contrivance, which appears to answer well enough for a pedestrian, being, according to my own experience and that of several friends, most uncomfortable for a bicycle rider. The articles carried should be of light material, especially the trousers, for reasons which will now appear.

I have carried seven pounds on my back for many hundreds of miles at home and abroad without inconvenience; but last season, in consequence of having some articles thicker, the weight was increased, and instead of ceasing to be a burden after the first two or three days, it was felt during the whole trip, and a friend of mine has since experimented in weight-carrying, and finds that there is a certain weight which a man can carry on a bicycle (it may, of course, be more or less than my seven pounds, according to strength) without feeling any inconvenience, but that an extremely slight increase is like "the last straw," which we hear so much of, and will make the pack a burden even to the end of the journey.

I may here again allude to a point which is touched upon above, namely, that any one who has not previously carried weight will feel a strong inclination during the first two or three days to pitch his knapsack on the side of the road, and take his chance of a change of apparel; but that after a little perseverance he will cease to notice the weight, and even find it a great assistance in shifting his centre of gravity when necessary.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I state what is probably obvious to some; namely, the mode of procedure with the prescribed outfit. When riding, the knee-breeches, one pair of drawers and stockings are in use, the socks and trousers inside the knapsack, the waistcoat and muffler under the outside flap, so that they may be handy to slip on when the temperature changes, or whilst making a halt. When staying in a town, of course, the trousers and socks come into use. It will also be found convenient to put on the spare clean underclothing when located for the evening, and hang the others (which are usually damp after a long ride) in some airy place in the hotel bedroom. When the journey is resumed, these latter can be used again, and so on until in a few days they will require washing. This accommodation is easily obtained where a stay of over twenty-four hours is made, and then the washed garments come in for evening wear, and the others take day duty until their turn for washing and promotion comes round. . . .

If a very long period is to be occupied in the tour, of course a portmanteau can be sent from place to place, and the arrangements as to clothing considerably modified, but great delay frequently occurs in the transmission, and, if a tourist intends to remain in a place any time less than three days, he had better not risk having his arrangements put out by looking for his portmanteau, which may not have turned up as soon as expected.

The head-gear is the only point now remaining in this division of the subject. I wear a strong, broad-brimmed, boating straw hat, and, when the heat is excessive, improvise an additional protection by first placing a wet handkerchief (once folded) on my head, so as to cover my neck. Others find a straw helmet very comfortable; and I have seen a polo cap, with a linen flap attached as for shooting, giving considerable satisfaction. This last arrangement cannot, however, afford any protection for the eyes, on whose behalf tinted spectacles or eye-glasses will in most cases become necessary when on the dazzling roads, and in the bright atmosphere of Switzerland, Austria, Italy, or Southern France. . . .

Still one point remains, which might more properly, perhaps, have been taken at the commencement, namely, —*finding the way*. This is a very simple matter all over France, but, as one proceeds further eastward, reliable maps and a cyclometer will avoid much annoyance. The natives of Germany, especially, have often

a very indistinct idea of where they are living, and the unfortunate traveller may hear that a place is two stunde (about six miles) distant, and, after proceeding another mile, be told that it is five stunde (fifteen miles). Where they have not reached the state of civilization indicated by the metric system of measurement, they only hazard the number of "hours," which they suppose, or have heard, that it would take, or did take, a person (evidently a great-grandfather in some instances) to traverse the road on foot.

The maps given in Baedeker's guide-books will mostly answer all purposes (if the skeleton of the tour has been previously well studied), the roads marked with double lines, as a rule, being quite suitable for bicycling. A reference to the parenthetical notes of the altitudes of different points given in Baedeker's descriptions of the routes will enable one to anticipate gradients. The boats of the General Steam Navigation Company furnish the most economical mode of reaching the continent, as the Company have reduced their charges for the carriage of bicycles to a very reasonable scale. On French railways the only charge for carrying a machine is the booking fee of ten centimes; elsewhere, it is charged as luggage, but rarely at such a high rate as in England.

Such as may have been sufficiently interested in these hints as to read them, if they have not already had practical experience in the matter, will have observed that bicycling on the continent varies in several respects

from bicycling in England, and, moreover, they will find that it affords opportunities for observations of native life very far in excess of those obtainable by almost any other means. The traveller by rail and *diligence* is, to a great degree, compelled to go on the beaten track, visiting only places that have lost their original strangeness through the constant influx of foreigners, whilst the bicyclist combines a great part of the speed of this class with the freedom of the pedestrian, and can rapidly move from one spot to another, at the same time that he enjoys the charm of localities comparatively undisturbed by the ordinary tourist.

III.

INCREASE OF BICYCLE RIDING.

THE extraordinary increase of bicycle riding in the past few years may be inferred when it is known that:—

The amount of capital invested in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles in England is estimated at between seven and eight millions of dollars, and in the United States it is about five hundred thousand dollars. There are over four hundred different kinds of bicycles manufactured in England alone.

The number of bicycle and tricycle riders in England is estimated at 250,000; in the United States at 8,000, and rapidly increasing.

The number of bicycle clubs, so far as known, is, in

England	360
United States	130
Scotland	34
France	20
Wales	9
Ireland	8
Other countries	9
Total	570

IV.

TABLE OF THE FASTEST TIMES

RECORDED AS HAVING BEEN MADE UPON THE BICYCLE BY ENGLISH *professionals.*

Dis. in Miles.	Time. h. m. s.	Name.	Date.	Place.
1	2.46	F. Cooper	May 26, '80	Cambridge
2	5.36⅛	J. Keen	May 21, '79	"
3	8.54⅜	"	May 3, '77	Wolverhampton
4	12.1	"	"	"
5	15.14	"	Oct. 23, '78	Cambridge
6	19.19⅛	"	Oct. 13, '79	Wolverhampton
7	22.36⅛	"	"	"
8	25.48⅜	"	"	"
9	28.58⅛	"	"	"
10	32.11⅜	"	"	"
15	48.19⅛	"	"	"
20	1.4.42⅜	"	"	"
25	1.24.2	D. Stanton	Aug. 9, '79	Cardiff
50	2.51.0	W. Phillips	Aug. 2, '80	Dublin
100	5.51.7	G. W. Waller	May 3, '80	Edinburgh
262	18.0.0	"	Sept. 1–7, '79	Agr'l Hall, London
1000	73.45.18	"	"	"
1404	107.0.0 (6 days.)	"	"	"

Two hundred and twenty-two miles on a bicycle, *without a dismount*, was accomplished in eighteen hours by T. Andrews, in March, 1880, at the Agricultural Hall, London. The greatest distance ever ridden in six days on a bicycle was at Alexandra Rink, Derby, by S. Rawson, — fifteen hundred miles. When David Stanton, an English professional, commenced his bicycle ride of one thousand miles in six days, he started at six o'clock in the morning and rode forty-four miles before breakfast.

V.

TABLE OF THE FASTEST TIMES

RECORDED AS HAVING BEEN MADE UPON THE BICYCLE BY ENGLISH *amateurs*.

Dis. in Miles.	Time. h.m s.	Name.	Date.	Place.
1	2.47	Hon. I. Keith Falconer	May 26, '80	Cambridge
2	5.36¼	"	May 21, '79	"
3	8.54⅜	H. L. Cortis	Aug. 23,'79	Leicester
4	11.51¼	"	"	"
5	14.39⅜	"	Aug. 4, '80	Stoke-on-Trent
6	17.53⅜	"	Aug. 21,'80	Surbiton
7	20.52	"	"	"
8	23.57	"	"	"
9	26.59⅜	"	"	"
10	29.54⅛	"	"	"
15	45.8⅜	"	Sept. 2, '80	"
20	1.0 38⅜	"	Sept. 22,'80	"
25	1.16.41⅜	"	"	"
50	2.54.35	J. F. Griffith	July 17,'80	"

VI.

ROAD RIDING.

Long Distances in Twenty-four Hours.

The following list of known performances on bicycles, over *the highways* of Great Britain, for ever puts at rest any doubt as to the practicability of the bicycle, and reveals some of the astonishing feats which are so common abroad in the use of the bicycle as a mode of locomotion. The list is compiled from "The Cyclist," published in London, March 9, 1881, and includes only fifty performances out of *five times* that number, as published, of a hundred miles and over, all of which (with many not recorded) are known to have been accomplished in less than a single day: —

Date.	Distance. Miles.	Journey.	Remarks.	Full Time. Hours.	Riding Time. Hours.	Name.
1878. Sept. 12.	220	Hyde Park Corner, London, to Bath and back.	Roads fair, wind slight. Lost way three times. Longest authenticated road-ride for one day on record.	$23\frac{54}{60}$	$20\frac{1}{2}$	W. S. Britten.
1876 Sept. 2.	204	Lynn to Wisbeach and back eight times.	Roads good and fairly level.	22	—	E. Coston.
"	204	" "	" "	22	—	F. Smythe.
1877. June 24.	200	Stratford to Norwich and back to Potter Street.	Head wind returning.	23	—	G. T. Clough.
1880. June 15.	196	Leeds to London.	Roads very good and very bad in parts.	$22\frac{1}{2}$	—	A. Gilliat.
1876. June 5.	195	London to York.	Had one fall.	$22\frac{1}{2}$	—	H. Stanley Thorpe.
1877. Sept. 22.	$186\frac{1}{2}$	Surbiton, Bath, Maidenhead.		—	$19\frac{1}{2}$	G. P. Coleman.
1879. June 14.	172	Brixton, Brighton, Chichester, Petersfield, Farnham, Staines, and Brixton.	Roads damp, rain at intervals.	22		G. McCaffrey.
1878. Sept. 14.	$166\frac{3}{4}$	Acton, Weybridge, Addlestone, Woking, Ripley, Acton, Boston, Peterboro', and Gosberton.	Acton to Gosberton before south-west gale.	24	16	W. A. Smith.

Date.	Distance. Miles.	Journey.	Remarks.	Full Time. Hours.	Riding Time Hours.	Name.
1879.						
Aug. 30.	150	St. John's Wood, circular run round Worthing.	Midnight club run. Roads fair.	23	18	G. T. Smallwood.
"	150	" "	" "	23	18	C. Stallibrass.
"	150	" "	" "	23	18	H. Herbert.
1878.						
July 15.	140	Brixton, Portsmouth, Brighton, Handcross.	— —	—	—	G. McCraffrey.
1879.						
May 21.	140	Melton to Cambridge, and back.	Roads good, wind sideways. Stayed nine hours at Cambridge.	23½	14½	T. R. Marriott.
"	139	Birmingham to Pontypridd.	Head wind and showers.	17	—	J. C. Morris.
1878.						
July 7.	138½	North Shields, Lamberton Toll, and back.	Circular run, very hilly and windy.	18	11¾	J. Philipson.
Oct. 6.	136½	Acton to Waterloo (Portsdown), and back.	— —	—	—	W. A. Smith.
1880.						
July 25.	137	Enfield to Kettering and back.	Roads good.	16½	14½	J. W. Randall.
June 11, 12.	135	Portsmouth and Halstead.	" "	19	—	F. W. Highton.
"	135	" "	" "	19	—	J. D. Elliott.
June 18.	133	Basingstoke, Stonehenge, Salisbury, Mortlake.	Hilly, grand roads, very wet.	17	11	E. T. Sherriff.
1879.						
Oct. 12.	131½	Acton to Harting, and back.	— —	—	—	W. A. Smith.
1876.						
June 29.	131	Manchester to Towcester.	31 m. bad, 100 m. good, 90 m. hill, no wind, very hot.	—	14	C. Winstanley.

Date.	Distance. Miles.	Journey.	Remarks.	Full Time. Hours.	Riding Time. Hours.	Name.
1880.						
Aug. 14.	131	Glasgow, Stirling, Lochearnhead, Killin, Barloch, Glasgow.	Circular run.	17½	13¾	A. R. Paton.
May 15.	130	Sutton to Lyndhurst *via* Brighton.	Wind and roads good.	14	—	C. Crute.
July 31.	130	Chipping Sodbury to Eltham.	Strong favorable wind, rain.	12½	10¾	Walter W. Scott.
Sept. 5.	130	Deptford to Bristol.	Roads very dusty, very hot.	15½	11½	E. Watts.
Oct. 4.	130	Glasgow to Killin, and back.	— —	—	—	R. W. Feldtmann.
"	130	" "	— —	—	—	R. S. Nisbett.
Oct. 22.	130	" "	Rode 7 hours in the dark.	18	16	R. W. Feldtmann.
"	130	" "	" "	18	16	R. S. Nisbett.
1878.						
June 5.	130	Wigtown to Lasswade.	Dusty and hilly, no wind.	20	13	W. J. McCalman.
May 22.	130	Nottingham to London.	Weather very wet and stormy.	17	—	T. R. Marriott.
1880.						
April 18.	129	New Cross to Winchester and back.	Roads fair, little wind.	17	14	C. T. Hunt.
June 17.	128	Glasgow, Stirling, Loch Lomond, Glasgow.	— —	—	11	James Steel.
July 19.	128	Glasgow to Litlochry *via* Loch Lomond.	— —	—	—	James Deas.
June 11.	126	Kidderminster to London.	Moderate side wind.	14	12	J. Wellings.
Aug. 9.	126	Bristol to London.	Roads loose and dusty, one fall.	16	11	J. Gibbs.
"	126	" "	" "	16	11	Hugh Gibbs.

Date.	Distance. Miles.	Journey.	Remarks.	Full Time. Hours.	Riding Time. Hours.	Name.
1879.						
Aug. 7.	126	Pelsall (Staffordshire) to Downham Market.	— —	13	9	Walter Hughes.
1880.						
June 18.	125	North Shields to Edinburgh.	Very hilly, wind moderate.	14½	—	W. H. O. Davies.
July 10.	125	Brixton, Brighton, and back, and club run.	— —	—	—	G. McCaffrey.
July 19.	125	Bettws-y-coed to Warwick.	Roads fair, slight head wind.	14¾	12¼	F. J. Drinkwater.
Aug. 22.	125	South Shields to Edinburgh.	Hilly and rough in parts, and head wind.	18	13½	J. Lawrence.
"	125	" "	" "	18	13½	J. W. Henderson.
1879.						
May 5.	125	Dulwich to Worthing, and back, *via* Horsham.	Roads fair, wind favorable.	14½	—	T. C. Berrington.
Sept. 2.	125	Brierly Hill to Gloucester, and back.	Roads fair, rather windy.	16	11	T.
1880.						
March 26.	124	London to Newmarket, and back.	Roads good, very hot, no wind.	16¾	—	H. A. Speechly.
April 2.	124	Nottingham to Barnet.	Roads medium.	15	—	H. Redgate.
"	124	" "	" "	15	—	J. G. Redgate.
"	124	" "	" "	15	—	A. Aldam.
"	124	" "	" "	15	—	E. Gillott.

VII.

BICYCLE RIDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is a mistake to suppose that highways in England are universally superior to those in the United States. There are many roads in this country equal to the very best English roads, and there are roads in England quite as poor as our worst roads. The following is from an article on roads in an English publication: —

"The adjectives 'good' and 'bad' are quite useless in such conjunctions as these, since what a Yorkshire rider might call good, a Surrey man would be very likely to characterize as infamous, not to say unrideable."

Englishmen are well aware of the fact that English highways have not altogether that degree of superiority which for some reason Americans will claim for them. A lumpy English macadam is abominable, and a slippery oölite is exasperating. Nowhere in England or Wales has the writer found roads superior to many of those in the vicinity of Boston, Massachusetts. But there is

this manifest advantage in an extended tour in England, that there good roads are found more or less all over the kingdom, whereas in Massachusetts, for instance, they are in and near a few large cities and towns, and not through the State at large, so that one can, upon the whole, do better in England on a tour than he can in New England; yet for circular runs of from ten to fifty miles, by selecting the route with care, one can find roads about Boston equal to the best in England.

In using the bicycle almost exclusively for hygienic purposes, the writer has ridden over four thousand miles through the following counties in Massachusetts: Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk, Worcester, Hampden, Bristol, and Plymouth, and into the States of New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In all the above the bicycle can be ridden, although the roads in the eastern part of Massachusetts are by far the best.

The use of the bicycle is now so well established that the number of riders throughout the United States increases at the rate of several thousand a year.

VIII.

IS BICYCLE RIDING HEALTHY?

It is said that four years ago a professor at a neighboring university was prepared to demonstrate the impossibility of maintaining one's equilibrium on a bicycle. He was shown a bicycle in use on Boston Common, and abandoned his theory. At first the bicycle was regarded as a toy, and supposed to be of little use save on a smooth surface and level ground. The feats which have now been performed on bicycles over highways, taking the hills as they came, have been pronounced by a London daily as the most extraordinary accomplishments in the way of locomotion in the history of man; no animal, save a bird, having the power to successfully compete with a man on a bicycle. A few years ago the attempt was made to drive a horse from Boston to Portland (one hundred and ten miles) in a day; the horse dropped dead at Saco. In 1878 an attempt was made at Prospect Park to drive a horse one hundred miles in ten consecutive

hours; the poor animal fell from exhaustion on the seventy-fifth mile. On previous pages of this Appendix are the names of fifty men who are known to have ridden from one hundred and twenty-four to two hundred and twenty miles in a day on a bicycle. Even now some to whom bicycles are familiar do not understand how the equilibrium is maintained in riding, and how it is that such extraordinary performances on them are so common with so little effort on the rider's part.

The bicycle is a peculiar thing; it is at variance with our preconceived ideas; it sets at naught what we believed. The general opinion outside of bicycle riders is that the exercise merely develops the legs, especially the calves, and that it is injurious to men. These are unfortunate errors, because they deter many an invalid from obtaining the health and strength within his easy reach by bicycle riding.

But you say, "My physician tells me that it is injurious." Then your physician is as ignorant of the subject as the university professor who declared it to be impossible to ride a bicycle. No professional opinion is of value unless given with a thorough knowledge of the case. No thorough knowledge of the effects of bicycle riding was

attainable by any physician until recently. Experience has now settled the question in favor of the bicycle, and it may well be doubted whether an intelligent physician, informed on the subject, can be found who will say that a judicious use of the bicycle is injurious. On the contrary, the testimony of medical men is now overwhelmingly in favor of the bicycle, and in England it is common for physicians themselves to use the machine in their daily practice.

That the exercise strengthens the legs follows as of course; this of itself is sufficient to justify an encouragement of the bicycle; for whatever makes these members sound, straight, and strong is a blessing. But the effect of bicycle riding ranges far above the commonly received notions. It is for the head, the heart, the chest, the back, the lungs, and for all the upper and nobler parts of man, that this exercise is of incalculable benefit. "How can this be?" you say. "When one rides he seems to move nothing but his legs; how, then, can other parts of his frame be affected?" The answer is that experience shows that it is the *upper part* of the body, rather than the lower, which is acted upon, because the hands, wrists, arms, shoulders, back, loins, and waist are all at work in balancing,

guiding, and controlling the machine, so that, after a long or swift run, it is *not* the legs which feel the work, but rather the arms, shoulders, and back. It is doubtful whether a man with the legs of a Hercules or a Milo could ride a bicycle half way up Milton Hill (near Boston), unless his lungs were strong enough to endure the strain upon them. On the other hand, a man or boy with only a moderate leg development, but with good lungs in working order, could ride a bicycle up and down Milton Hill with comparative ease. Many an aspirant in bicycle races has given up, *not* because his legs were weak or because his calves were insufficiently developed, but because he was "blown;" and has thus found to his astonishment that, in using a bicycle, it is "wind" that is needed rather than legs; that it is the upper part of his body which gives out, rather than the lower part. So complete and active is the circulation of the blood throughout the system, when riding, that it is common to ride comfortably for miles, without gloves, when the thermometer is as low as between 10° and 20° Fahrenheit; and yet riders well know how often in winter weather they are surprised with the question, "Is it not cold up there?" The writer has ridden twenty-

four miles on a bicycle in a snow-storm, and kept warmer and enjoyed the ride more than if in a carriage or a sleigh. In walking, three fourths of the effort is said to be required in raising the weight of the body (one hundred and fifty pounds, perhaps) with each step, the other fourth being used in putting forward the legs. This three fourths is all saved on the bicycle, because the body is comfortably supported by the saddle. Hence, after an ordinary bicycle run of twenty or thirty miles, a good rider dismounts with a feeling of buoyancy, lightness, and activity, while an eight or ten mile walk might leave him with that dull, heavy, wearisome feeling so common after walking. In this single fact that, while riding, the body is comfortably supported, we have the key to the great advantage a bicycle rider has over the pedestrian or the horse.

Bicycle riding demands and develops self-possession; one's head must be clear and cool to determine instantaneously and correctly the precise movement needed for safety, however sudden the emergency. It develops the chest, and strengthens the lungs and heart; for, when riding fast or up hill, the full, deep breaths enforced, if tempered to moderation, are powerful, invigorating agencies. It is invaluable for a

sluggish liver; it benefits the kidneys; and for strengthening the digestive organs is unsurpassed. Who knows of a good bicycle rider who has a poor digestion? and who knows of a man with a poor digestion who is happy?

To no class of men, perhaps, is bicycle riding more beneficial than to those who lead sedentary occupations in the manifold walks of life, — apprentices, clerks, students, business men, professional men, physicians, teachers, clergymen, and others. If such find their system weakened and "run down" by over-work, anxiety, or other causes, and are not incapable of riding a bicycle, they will find that its use, instead of being injurious, will give them strength, tone, and a manly vigor from head to foot; in short, — health. This statement could be substantiated by thousands of bicycle riders, who have found, to their surprise and gratification, that this exercise in the sun and air, — the two greatest of tonics, — instead of merely developing the calves of their legs, has given them health and strength throughout the body. A like result may doubtless be attained in other ways, as by horseback riding, yachting, boating, or canoeing. But all cannot afford these, or live where such exercises are convenient, without an interference with their

regular work. The bicycle adds to the list of known agencies in obtaining and keeping health.

He is a more than ordinary philosopher who, on every walk taken for health's sake, can forget that his walk is a duty effort. But with a bicycle the greater range of objects within easy reach offers a wide and varying field for observation. The writer has found his runs through the State made far more interesting and beneficial by studying the history, the topography, and the agricultural and manufacturing industries of the several municipalities visited. There is no easier and better way of getting acquainted with the growth and possibilities of the old Commonwealth. The artist, the botanist, the ornithologist, the oölogist, and other specialists will find that the bicycle gives hitherto unknown advantages in the out-of-door pursuit of their studies.

President Eliot of Harvard University, in his Annual Report to the Board of Overseers for 1877–78, said: —

"A singular notion prevails, especially in the country, that it is the feeble, sickly children who should be sent to school and college, since they are apparently unfit for hard work. The fact that in the history of

literature a few cases can be pointed out in which genius was lodged in a weak or diseased body, is sometimes adduced in support of the strange proposition, that physical vigor is not necessary for professional men. But all experience contradicts these notions. To attain success and length of service in any of the learned professions, including that of teaching, a vigorous body is wellnigh essential. A busy lawyer, editor, minister, physician, or teacher has need of greater physical endurance than a farmer, trader, manufacturer, or mechanic. All professional biography teaches that, to win lasting distinction in sedentary, in-door occupations which task the brain and the nervous system, extraordinary toughness of body must accompany extraordinary mental powers."

In Endymion, Chapter LXXXV., Lord Beaconsfield puts into the mouth of the Prime Minister (probably Lord Palmerston) these words: "Health is one of the elements to be considered in calculating the career of a public man, and I have always predicted an eminent career for Ferrars, because, in addition to his remarkable talents, he had apparently such a fine constitution."

Lord Coleridge, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, told a Boston lawyer, in 1875, that when at the bar, with a practice worth

$70,000 a year, and when in Parliament, and Attorney-General, often working till past midnight, he made it a point to ride every afternoon on horseback; but that in 1873, after he became Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, his rides were not so frequent, because the strain upon both mind and body was then less severe. In other words, the amount of out-of-door exercise taken, regardless of the weather, was in proportion to the extent to which his physical and mental energies were taxed, increasing with the growth of his business, and diminishing as his labors became lighter. This was the custom with men of his class in England. Lord Coleridge was surprised when told that, notwithstanding a brighter sky, the very reverse was too apt to be the practice with professional men in the United States.

The Right Hon. Robert Lowe, ex-Chancellor of the English Exchequer, now seventy years of age, is a well-known bicycle and tricycle rider. He is the president of the West Kent Bicycle Club, and in 1877, after distributing the prizes at bicycle races, urged the general use of the bicycle, and observed: "I am satisfied that if persons who are not young would addict themselves to the use of the bicycle, they would find it a very

good thing, and the best possible antidote against the gout."

The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, second son of the Earl of Kintore, and brother to Lord Inverurie, is first among English amateur bicycle riders, and at the Cambridge University examinations carried off nearly the highest honors in the theological tripos, getting second, whilst in the Hebrew examination he was prominent, and was awarded the Hebrew prize. Mr. E. Thornton, of Trinity College, Cambridge, another amateur bicycle rider of high repute, has carried off honors in the mathematical tripos. Mr. Thornton is an American.

Four years ago, when the writer was out of health, with the prospect of having to abandon his profession for want of physical strength to endure its labors, he was led by advices from England to use a bicycle. It then took three months to get a suitable machine, which was secured through the only agent in America at that time, — the British Vice-Consul at Baltimore. The writer at once commenced a regular use of the machine, just as patients take doses of medicine. He locked his office door betimes, and (no instructors were then at hand) struggled to master the thing; he was often

thrown, sprained and re-sprained his wrists, and was supposed by many to have abandoned his profession and to have lost due sense of propriety. "To think that Mr. Chandler should be seen riding about the town *astride of a wheel!*" was one of the common remarks heard in disapprobation of his conduct. But he found that the exercise surpassed all others known to him on land, for the benefits derived, and he kept at it till his lungs (which were under the care of the late Dr. Edward H. Clarke) became strong enough to carry him on the bicycle over many of the steepest hills about Boston, and to compete successfully with fast horses; his muscles became "like steel," his digestion perfect, and, for aught he knows, complete health was secured from head to foot, notwithstanding that the method taken shocked some conservative people. Finally, what practical men think most of, instead of being forced to abandon his profession, his practice was, by the means taken, not only maintained, but doubled. Hence, when asked that perpetually recurring question, "Is it healthy?" the writer insists that it is, if not carried to excess, and maintains that the bicycle is a boon often of inestimable value to those who are tied down to sedentary occupa-

tions, especially to such as find the use of a horse inconvenient, both on the score of expense and the attention the animal requires, and to such as do not live near enough to water to make rowing or sailing convenient.

IX.

WHERE BICYCLES MAY BE OBTAINED IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOUR years ago, in the early part of 1877, the only bicycle agent in America was Colonel T. W. Lawford, the British Vice-Consul at Baltimore. Now, in May, 1881, bicycles may be obtained of the following persons, among others, in the United States, from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas:—

Appleton, Wis.	Benoit & Bleser.
Auburn, N. Y.	A. E. Swartout.
Ashtabula, Ohio	M. G. Dick.
Adrian, Mich.	C. B. Ackley.
Augusta, Ga.	Robt. W. Robertson.
Attleboro', Mass. . . .	David D. Nevins.
Amherst, "	George F. Fisk.
Ashland, Ohio	W. V. B. Topping.
Andover, Mass.	John L. Smith.
Albion, N. Y.	Frank L. Bates.
Arcade, "	W. I. Masten.
Avon, "	George W. Holmes.
Albany, "	W. G. Paddock & Co.
Akron, Ohio	C. D. Miller.

Boston, Mass.	Cunningham & Co., 6 and 8 Berkeley Street.
" "	I. P. Lord & Co., 48 Union Street.
" "	Charles R. Percival, 96 Worcester Street.
" "	Pope Manufacturing Co., 597 Washington Street. (Manufactory at Hartford, Conn.)
" "	Stoddard, Lovering, & Co., 10 Milk Street.
Biddeford, Me.	R. A. Fairfield.
Brattleboro', Vt.	A. W. Childs.
Burlington, "	George Styles.
Bridgeport, Conn. . . .	Hincks & Johnson.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Charles Schladermundt.
Bradford, Pa.	H. A. Marlin.
Baltimore, Md.	S. T. Clark.
Brainerd, Minn.	Z. C. Thayer.
Boone, Ia.	Reed D. Smith.
Bellefontaine, Ohio . . .	H. H. Good.
Binghamton, N. Y. . .	Crocker & Ogden.
Beloit, Wis.	Goodall & Emerson.
Bay City, Mich.	Gedney & Avery.
Brockton, Mass.	Fred. H. Johnson.
Belfast, Me.	George T. Read.
Bethlehem, Pa.	W. D. Packard.
Cherokee, Ia.	Allison Brothers.
Chicago, Ill.	J. M. Fairfield (cor. State and Van Buren Streets).

Cincinnati, Ohio	B. Kittredge & Co.
Cleveland, "	T. B. Stevens & Brother.
Council Bluffs, Ia. . . .	C. H. Judson.
Columbus, Ohio	Waggoner & Krag.
Cedar Rapids, Ia. . . .	E. Bliss.
Clyde, N. Y.	A. J. Denison.
Chillicothe, Ohio	A. Dump.
Camden, S. C.	J. A. Young.
Charleston, "	L. M. Beebe.
Carroll, Ia.	Ed. M. Wayne.
Cambridge, Md.	Kemp & Co.
Cleburne, Tex.	W. P. Richardson.
Detroit, Mich.	W. W. Seymour.
Danville, Ky.	J. N. Richardson.
Dayton, Ohio	J. W. Stoddard & Co.
Des Moines, Ia.	Gilcrest & Murphey.
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X.

MAPS.

At the beginning of this book will be found an outline map of England, drawn to accompany the description of the tour.

At the end of the book will be found two bicycle riding maps of Southern England, giving in detail all that part between the Thames Valley and the English Channel, extending as far west as the river Severn, and including the Isle of Wight and the principal watering-places on the coast. These maps are reduced from the Ordnance Survey, and are not only of value for the tourist, but are of use in the library for references.

A third map is given of the eastern part of Massachusetts, reduced from the map specially prepared by the State authorities for the Centennial Exhibition.

Of course these maps will be found of use as well in horseback riding, or in driving and walking.

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